NUMBER 11

WARNING
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FILM THREAT

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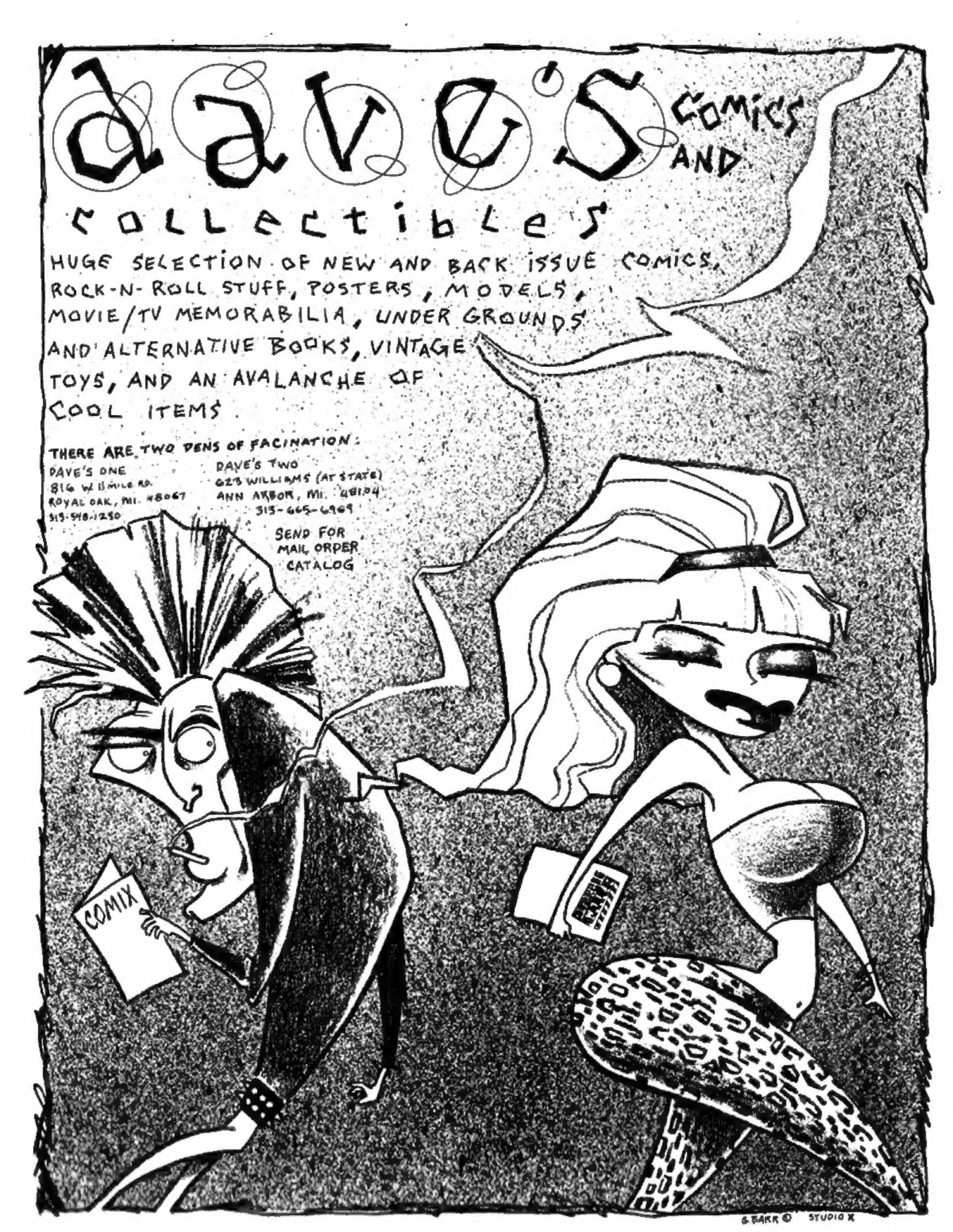
Richard Kern
Lydia Lunch
John Waters
Nick Zedd
Christian Gore
Jack Stevenson

John Hinckley on *Taxi Driver*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"Film for the _____ generation."

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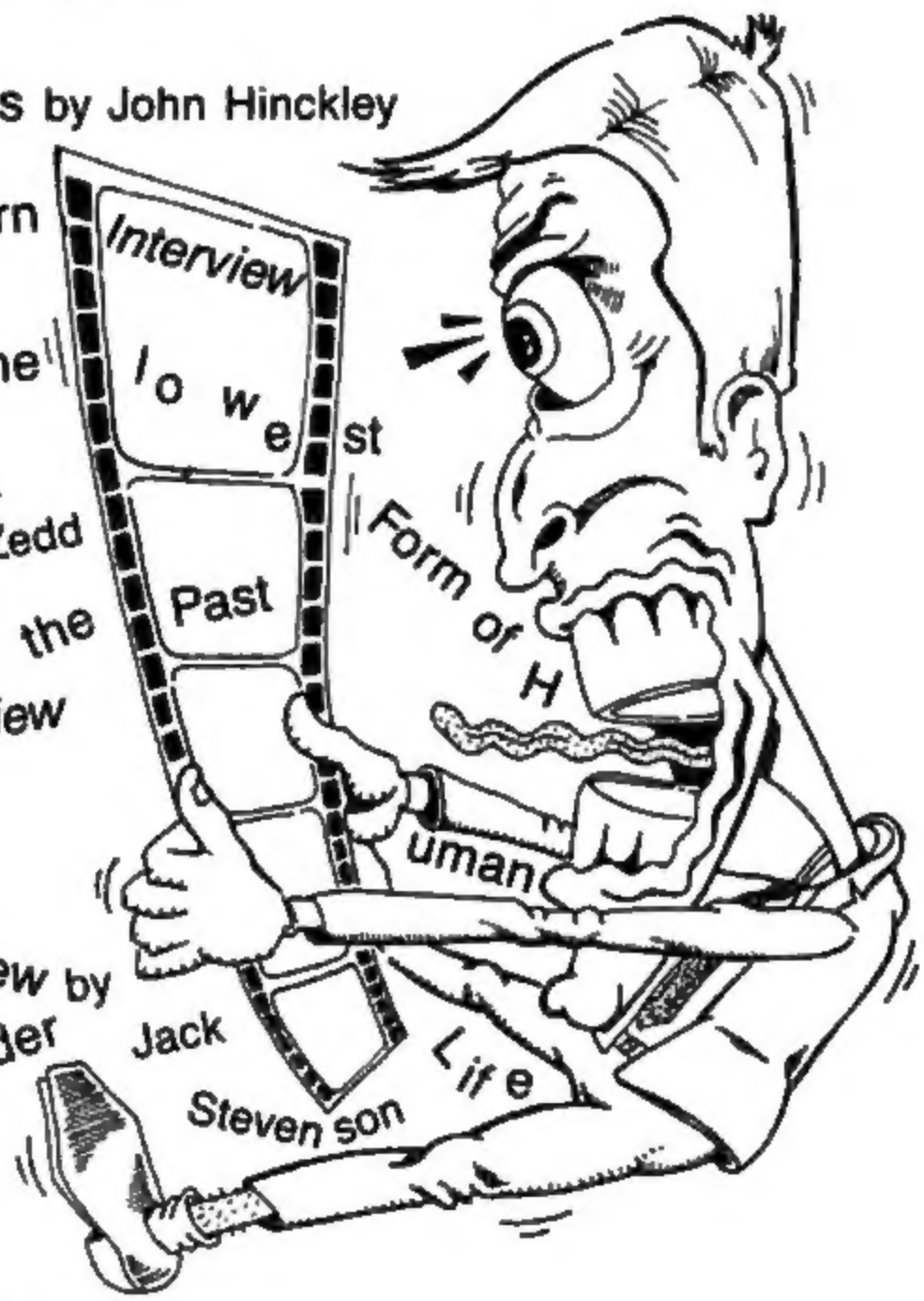

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mail

Send your letters to: Film Threat, Letters to the Editor (that's me, Christian Gore), P.O. Box 951, Royal Oak, MI 48068 U.S.A. I only like to print the mean ones.

There are those who do and those who complain. . .

Sirs:

Just what the world needs, a post-zine (afterbirth still dripping) film mag one-part half-baked film theorizing, one-part half-assed cynical comicstrips, and one-part interviews with some filmmakers who are worth hearing more from. Way cool, dudes. First, get a copy editor. Someone who claims to have read Gramsci should at least appear to spell functionally. The number of typos/cretinisms in yer first near-glossy issue seems limitless. Then take yer self-serving heads out of yer asses and watch the films you think yer critiquing. In what way does a half-take on one microscene from Freidkin's *To Live and Die* constitute an analysis of the film?

Seewood, yer work reads like a termpaper that you got back with a low grade from yer Prof, then thought you'd be subversive and print it without making any of the corrections yer Prof probably inserted. And Gore, plagiarism really is unbecoming, so write down where you read something when you see it, that way you won't think you originated it ten minutes later — re: For the Cost of One Shot ..."— ripped right off from Jon Jost, who did just this when he made *Last Chants for a Slow Dance.*

And the next time you need a hegemonic dick thrust in yer face, think about the gall it takes to sell yer back issues for a buck apiece when you can read the original price (FREE, 35¢, and 50¢) in the ad. And I was gonna buy a complete back run. If youse guys can take a little constructive criticism, why not send 'em all to me free.

Best wishes,
C. Stephens
Jersey City, NJ

Gore Responds

Our back issues are certified collector's items and if you read any other magazines you'll notice *everyone* charges more for their back issues. So anyone that wants something for free gets our usual response, HA HA HA!

If you want to accuse me of plagiarism why not produce some evidence. I've never heard of Jon Jost or his film, either have any of my friends who are mostly filmmakers. Those interviews from issue #9 you are refering to (with Sam Raimi, Josh Becker and Scott Spiegel) were only printed to show how people get flaccid assholes from working in the *Independent* film industry which is no longer *independent*.

Complaining fuckers like you deserve to live in Jersey. I was recently out with my girlfriend and she said, "Kiss me where it stinks." So I drove her to Jersey.

Oh, and about Andre'. You're right.

Pseudo-Revolutionary

It's too bad **Film Threat** has deteriorated to the boring, insignificant, racist, sexist, special effects (FX) ie. no content zine that it has. The descent of F.T. (or should I say crash) has left a void in this area and it will hopefully be filled soon — with or without your help. The only thing one gets from the "new" F.T. is that the editor is boring, cynical, white, suburban spoiled brat.

But there is always hope: Mao said during the Cultural Revolution "kill the disease, save the patient." Wake up and smell the coffee — it's boiling over the top and burning on the stove!

Sam Right
Detroit, MI

Dear Half-baked Hypocritical Sam whose real name is Tom Agosta

You stupid commie, quasi-intellectual fucks have absolutely no sense of humor. Why do you all have fake names anyway? Are you afraid your mom's will find out you run a Revolutionary book store and ground you. As far as all your criticisms, I'm sorry. I don't endorse CENSORSHIP!!

Why not start your own magazine if you're so fuckin' dissatisfied. NO. Better to sit around and analyze everything all day than ever actually *do* anything.

Maybe if you took your head out of Mao's butthole and stopped quoting him all the time and did what he said instead of talking about it . . . No. Might have to give up your nice car. Stick to your books, but you might stop analyzing the world and analyze you own mind for a change. You won't though. Because intellectuals like you are just too fucking stupid.

Poor Canadians

Dear Christian,

I'm glad the underground film scene is still kicking — I've been outa touch for awhile. The only "young filmmakers" shown locally seem to be working to the precepts of the Government Cultural Funding bodies — I got tired railing against a subsidized "Culture" in the true north strong 'n' free that is the way youth are trained — Gov't money makes you a legit artist. Your worth is measured by the number of grants on your curriculumvitae — seldom by the originality of your work — and *never* by its significance *outside* the art community.

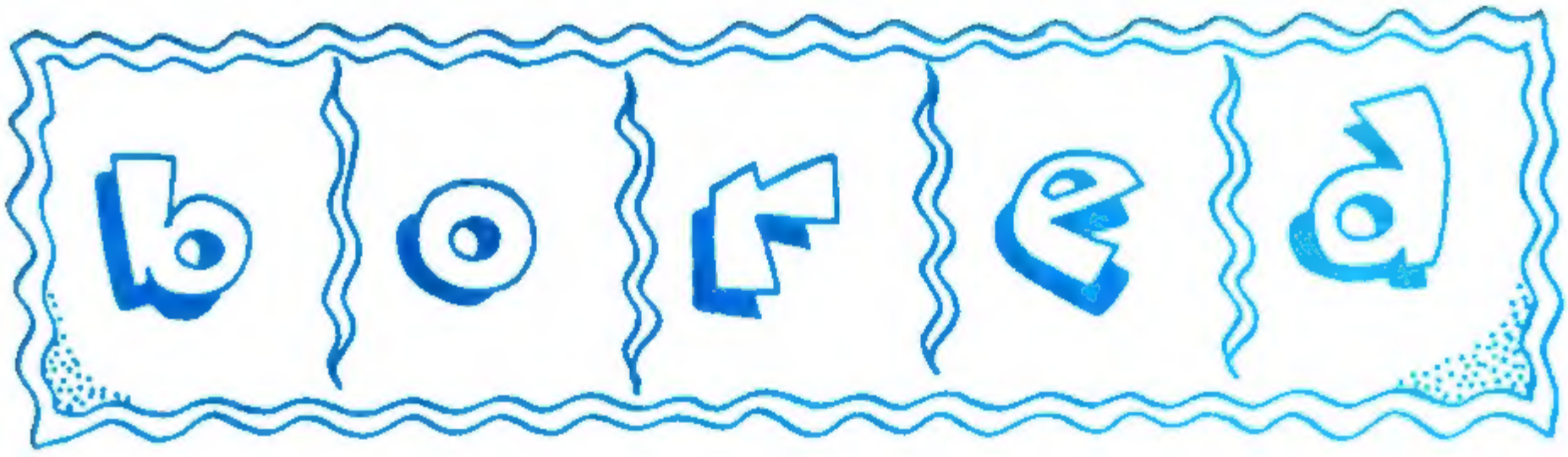
O.K.? Now also to a more sad and delicate matter. I happen to reside in the richest province of Canada, but also one of the most puritanical as far a Gov't media interference — draw your own connexion — the problem is how to get your videotapes across the so-called undefended border. Some people in Toronto had Kern tapes held by customs — they were told that, if they wanted 'em, customs would give the tapes to the Ontario Film Review Board (new name for censor board) who would censor them, classify them — *for a per-second fee of material erased!!* And some other people had the same film/tapes delivered to their door, no problem. But tapes are more suspected as *PORN* — Golly! Anyhoo — that's enough for now! Looking forward in this new year.

Mike Niederman
London Ont.
Canada

Reply

What can I say? Too bad you're stuck in such a repressive society. Canada is so strange. In Windsor they can have bottomless dancers at the go-go bars but *NO* porno films.

I don't think these letters were mean enough. Send meaner ones with more clever insults.



by Christian Gore

I lift up the seat, hear the familiar clank, undo my pants and sit. The best part of the day, taking a big dump. I've had some especially good Mexican food and my butt begins to sing. I can feel it burn. Someone has yet to proclaim defecation an art. It should be compared to what I've seen some people call art.

My best thoughts come to me on the dumper. When I visit someone's house the first thing I want to see is their bathroom. An artist friend of mine has an "Elvis" bathroom. Pictures of Elvis litter the wall, an Elvis toilet seat cover absorbs any near misses and he even has a pair of Elvis slippers direct from Graceland (one thing you don't get to see on the tour is the "Dumper of Doom").

My thoughts begin to wander and I decide to mentally compile a list of things I hate. This feels a bit routine as I have compiled many such mental hate lists. I'm bored with my list of hates. A list of the things I'm bored with seems much more exciting.

Music. It's probably just me or a phase I'm going through but music to me is boring. Pop music's formulized blah-blah-chorus (commercially designed to have you remember the song when you walk in the record store) blah-blah-chorus-fill in the blank-solo-end. I hope I never see another white band throw in a bunch of female black back-up singers. And of course there's alternative music; Punk, Hardcore, Avant-Garde, formulized as it has become, brings yet another yawn to my face. The exciting substitute I've found is Talk Radio. Up to the minute reports on highway accidents, the latest circus trial, axe murders, terrorist bombings, hostage takings are much more fun than some pretentious singer whining about love and politics. Wouldn't you rather listen to crackly phone-in reports about the latest Detroit teen shot over a pair of tennis shoes or a silk shirt. They get funnier every day. I feel so superior driving in my car, knowing how stupid the rest of the people in the world are. But then again, if they weren't so stupid I wouldn't be so smart.

Movies. I've said enough about this to bore you already.

Liberals. On this I remember something Lou Reed once said, "Give me an issue, an' I'll take a tissue and wipe my ass with it!" I always make sure to comment on how much I love Sylvester Stallone and President Reagan when people like this are around. If this doesn't get a reaction I mention that I love what AIDS is doing and that everyone in Ann Arbor, Michigan is crabby because all the women have hair on their legs and underarms. Wouldn't you be in a crabby mood all the time if you lived there. This seems to do the trick and leaves them in their own dissatisfied worlds.

Art Students. Especially faggy ones. These potential AIDS victims have got to think of some other theme for their work besides pain. Aren't there about a million other things. Besides if I could afford to go to art school I'd be in a monetary bracket where I would't have much to whine about. Well, I guess art students have plenty to whine about. How to weasel parents out of money, trying to make people think they are weird all the time, kissing the right ass to get shown in a gallery, y'know b.s. politics. One of these artiste types should dress in a business suit, that would stand out. For trying to look different, all these artists look alike.

Clubs. Any club or bar. Isn't punk over 10 years old? Can anyone think of anything to wear besides black? I wear white just so I can see myself. There's got to be something else besides standing around, looking cool, asking questions like, "Do you know where so and so is?", "Have you seen so and so?". The same music, the same dances, it hasn't changed in 5 years. Think of something else to do besides, standing around, avoiding diseases, listening to music.

Articles where people complain about something, including this one. It's boring. How can you bare to read this pretentious stuff? I guess it's true, people who are bored are boring.

The toilet flushing is a satisfying sound. I fold the thin tissue 4 times wipe, fold, and wipe again. I just would like to know, does anyone else look at their crap on the toilet paper after they've wiped their butt.? ▭

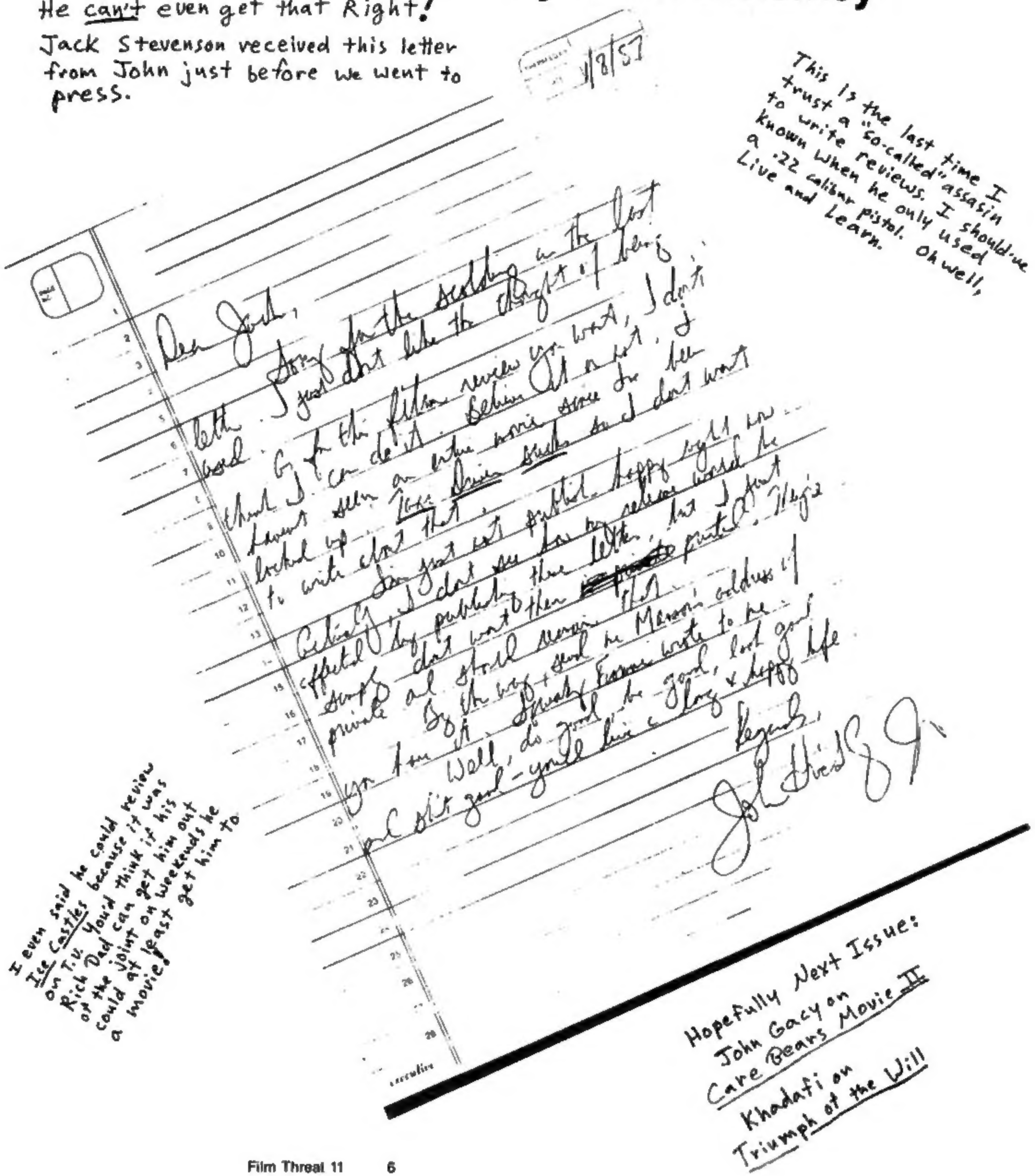
FILM REVIEWS

by John Hinckley

We Held up the printing of this issue just for Mr. Hinckley's reviews. He can't even get that Right!

Jack Stevenson received this letter from John just before we went to press.

This is the last time I trust a "so-called" assasin to write reviews. I should-ve known when he only used a .22 caliber pistol. Oh well, Live and Learn.



Dear Jack,

Sorry for the scribbling on the last letter. I just don't like the thought of being bound up to this fiction review you want. I don't know why or what more to be. I can do it. Believe it or not, I have seen an entire movie since I last wrote that. Its Dirty Sticks so I don't want to write about that.

Actually, I just don't see how to review what I just typed up. Actually, I don't want to be affected by publishing the letter, but I don't want to then [redacted] print it. He's a strong, dangerous man. That's private and should remain private. By the way, I don't know if Francis wrote to me for it. Well, do good, be good, but good - you'll live a long & happy life.

Regards,

John Hinckley Jr.

I even said he could review Ice Castles because it was on T.V. You'd think if his Rich Dad can get him out of the joint on weekends he could at least get him to a movie.

Hopefully Next Issue:
John Gacy on Care Bears Movie II
Khadafi on Triumph of the Will

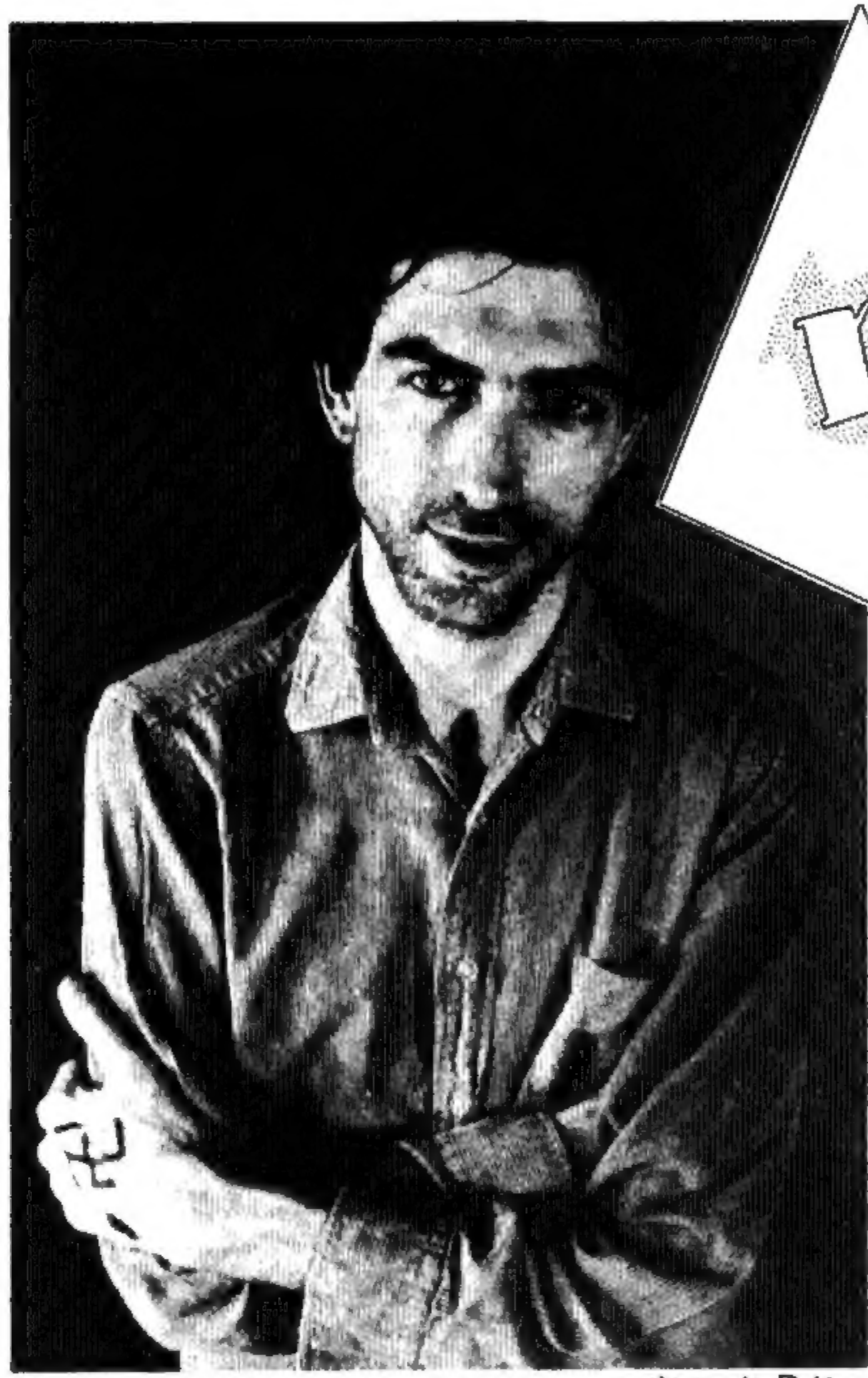


Photo: MaDeKa

richard kern

Interview by Chris Gore

This film is an EXERCISE in the CAPITALIZATION of an EXPLOITATION that some may find unnecessarily VIOLENT, SEXIST and DISGUSTING. We therefore suggest the viewer to EXECUTE caution and discretion. Although it is not our sole intention to SHOCK, INSULT, or IRRITATE, you have been warned that we are catering only to our own preference as members of the SEXUAL MINORITY.

— warning from *Fingered, 1986*

Richard Kern is New York Underground's most widely known filmmaker. His films have been shown all over the world, including Germany and Japan. He also has a lot more money than other underground filmmakers so he gets to finish, market, and actually sell his films. The films are shot is Super 8, never more than ½ an hour long and blend raw sex into a seemingly conventional narrative.

I spoke with him over the phone on January 19th, 1987.

All photos by R. Kern. Unless Marked

Christian Gore- So what's goin' on off the record?

Richard Kern- Next question. No, I just have a cold.

CG- Okay. What would be your ultimate Sex-Fantasy-GORE scene?

RK- Sacrificing some girl and filming it for real. I mean I've thought about that a lot anyway but never done it... Um... my ultimate sex-Gore... I don't have one man. I would like to film Tracy Lords, I guess... That's a real difficult question because I don't think about my ultimate fantasy.

CG- Isn't there one you'd really like to film but because of budget, time, $money$, y'know all those **bullshit** things you have to deal with, with making movies you couldn't do?

RK- No. The only thing I wanted to do that I couldn't figure out how to do was hanging from my dick from the ceiling and spin around and I tried to do it for Submit to Me... but you run the danger of pulling your dick off.

CG- Do you think it's easier to work with actors that are directors because they understand the filmmaking process—

RK- Who could you be referring to?

CG- How about working with Nick Zedd?

RK- He's a lot easier to work with now than he used to be. When I first started working with him, as anyone else would tell you, he's really good but he always points out things that you're thinking. He'll anticipate your every move, which is frustrating. Like he'll says "Shoot it from over there." And I had already planned to shoot it that way. That was the way it was during a lot of THRUST IN ME and we got.... I would say, "You're too hard to work with, I don't want to shoot you anymore,"

and he'd say, "Well, I'm not going to do it anymore," then he quit doing it and he was great. This new Submit to ME: he plays an insane and it's perhaps the best section of the new stuff. And I returned a favor for someone by being in their movie and I found myself doing the same thing.

CG- Are you planning on using him in any future productions?

RK- I DON'T KNOW. I don't plan any future productions. I seldom plan into the future. That is because I have a cold. Everything seems fuckin' **BLACK** as sin.

CG- Yeah, I had a hangover the other nite so I know how you feel.

RK- I had a problem with various DRUGS and it's quite different, the drug scene here. Too prevailing. FUCKED UP a lot of people from the scene. A lot of them disappeared. It's something that never goes away.

CG- Hmm.

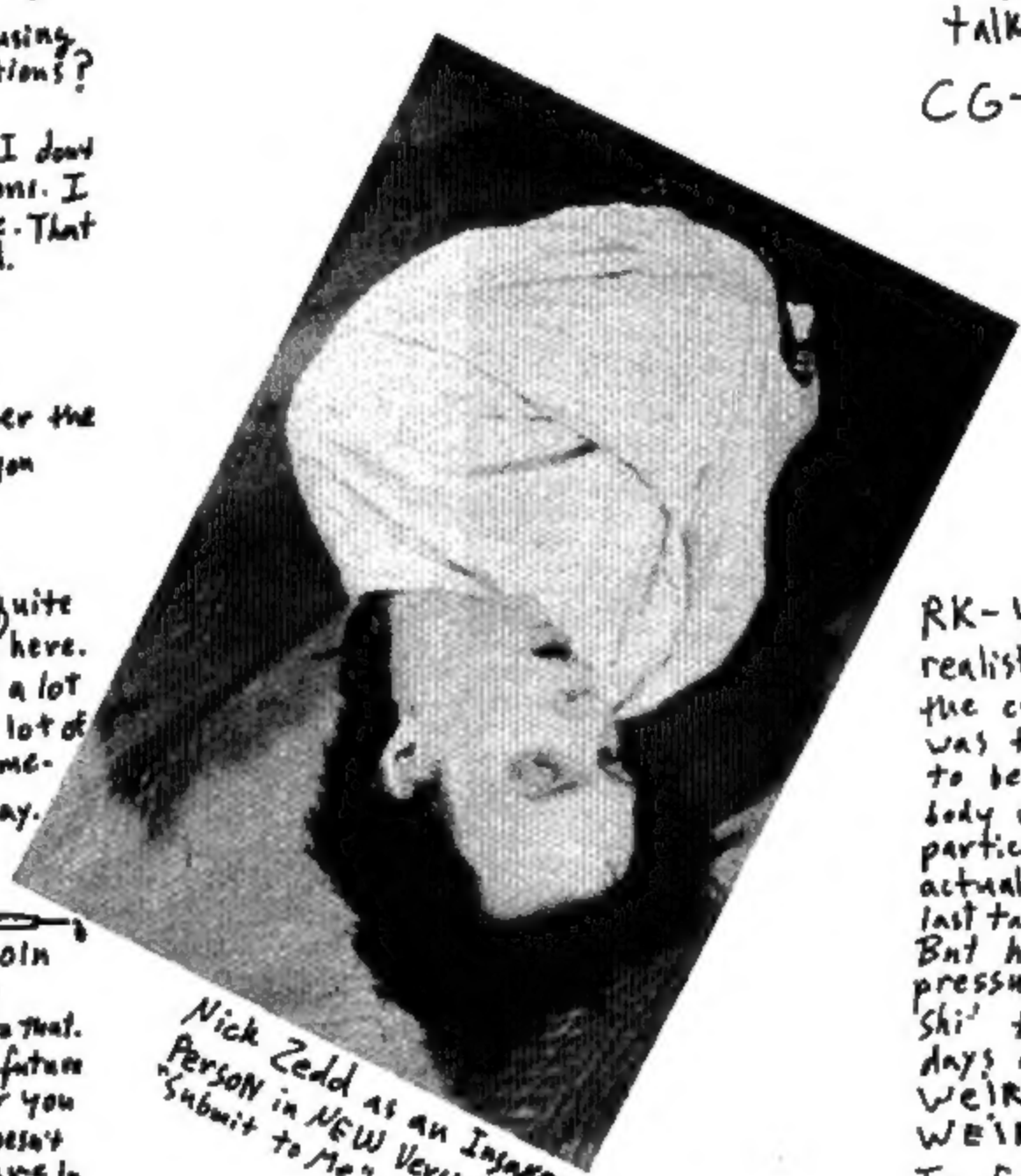
RK- Don't play with Heroin Kids. It fucks with you forever. One more point to that. I cannot think about any future fantasies or anything. After you have drug problems there doesn't seem to be much of a future in anything.

CG- You've worked with Lydia on 3 films. How do you go about writing the script, what goes on?

RK- It's not a script writing process. For example, Right Side of My Brain, we had various people that would be in it, and we had all this footage that we decided to run it all together like a dream and then Lydia wrote the dialogue. To me, I see editing and making the story work as a big part of the writing. We never actually write things down. With Fingered, she came up with a basic story and I stuck a few things in—

CG- Yeah, I was gonna ask you, have you fucked Lydia?

RK- **No!** Everybody wants to know that. I have never FUCKED Lydia Lunch! I am one of the few who have not—



Nick Zedd as an Insane Person in NEW Version of "Submit to Me"

CG- I probably did I just forgot—

RK- You probably did. It might have been possible years ago but she's a different person now I think. And I tend not to fuck people I respect. That seems to be one of my emotional problems... But anyway with FINGERED she would tell me the basic storyline, then I lay out a shooting schedule and we see what happens from what we plan and what we get, which is 2 different things.

CG- You never actually write anything down?

RK- She wrote down the dialogue, her and Marty would get together a couple of days before we started shooting and would write down the dialogue for the scene for each day, well, y'know how the didlogue is in FINGERED, they're just talking—

CG- It's pretty natural.

RK- Yeah, it's natural and realistic. It put a strain on the crew because everybody was talking like that. It got to be pretty difficult. Everybody was about to explode, particularly Marty. He did actually lose his cool on the last take when I yelled at him But he was under extreme pressure having Lydia say that Shit to him over and over for days and days. It was a pretty WEIRD experience. A lot WEIRder than the movie is. In fact, when the movie was over, Lydia and I thought, this doesn't seem hard enough and Jim Thirwell, who was watching it too, thought it was great. I showed it to some other people who thought it was really HARD and it was because the experience of actually making it was 10 times harder than the movie came out to be. It was a very intense 3 weeks. I went totally broke!

CG- How do you get the money to finance your films?

RK- Pickpocketing. (HAW HAW HAW-LAUGH) It's an extremely complex process and that's how it's

done. Actually we did some shows in San Francisco and L.A., we did a tour, she set up some shows, I set up some shows. We made About $1200. That was enough to get the movie rolling. We got paid, shot the movie, got back and I knew I had to raise money various other ways to finish it. It ended up costing $6000. But that's including videos and a lot of lawyer work and shit like that in order to give it to S.S.T.

CG- What did you do at these performances, these shows? You didn't do performance "art" did you 'cause I **HATE** performance ART!

RK- I never did "performance" art. On the tour we did some sucker performances where the audience would think that somebody had actually got "stabbed". And then they believed it. I thought they never believed it but they sure did.

CG- I hate most pretentious performance art but that sounds more like a MIND-FUCK-

RK- I used to go out with this performance artist and I couldn't stand the stupid crowds and a lot of stupid shit that would be called "performance" art. You'd go in and see stuff like people going all around their elbow to get to their thumb for the point of whatever they were supposed to be talking about. The very first thing I did was this performance where, it was another sucker thing where we we had this guy in the audience just shouting at all the other people, he yanked me off stage and I started cutting his guts out. I just wanted to say FUCK YOU to all those people that do that shit.

Lung Leg in "Death Valley '69" A Sonic Youth Rock Vid

CG- Lydia likes to degrade the audience-

RK- Yeah, she pretty much attacks the audience verbally.

CG- Lung Leg seems pretty intense. What's she really like?

RK- God, I did this interview the other day and these are all the SAME ?s.

CG- I'm asking you the boring questions first-

RK- What is Long Leg really like? I don't think anyone knows what she's like. You think you know her, a. then you find out you don't know her at all. She has said to me that she was "SCHIZOPARENIC"... well I guess I do know her if when I think I know her I dont really know her. She moved back to Minneapolis and I don't know if she's coming back here. I Dont know if it was the pressure OR WHAT. She was living UPTOWN by herself in this apt. in HARLEM. People would just come in And live free And disappear.

CG- I heard she's was Going Out with the Lead singer of Einsterzende Neubaten-

RK- Yeah, Bilixa, BIG SUPERSTAR, he's someone that she's always had this thing FOR, sure enough, she got what she wanted. I Don't know how that ROCK STAR stuff WORKS-

CG- Do you get pussy, being a filmmaker?

RK- Yeah, LOADS of it MAN. I take my lessons from Zedd. I have 'em falling at my feet... not really.

CG- You dont?

RK- Maybe I could. I'm not one for going OUT, knoking 'em over and sticking a notch on my Dick.

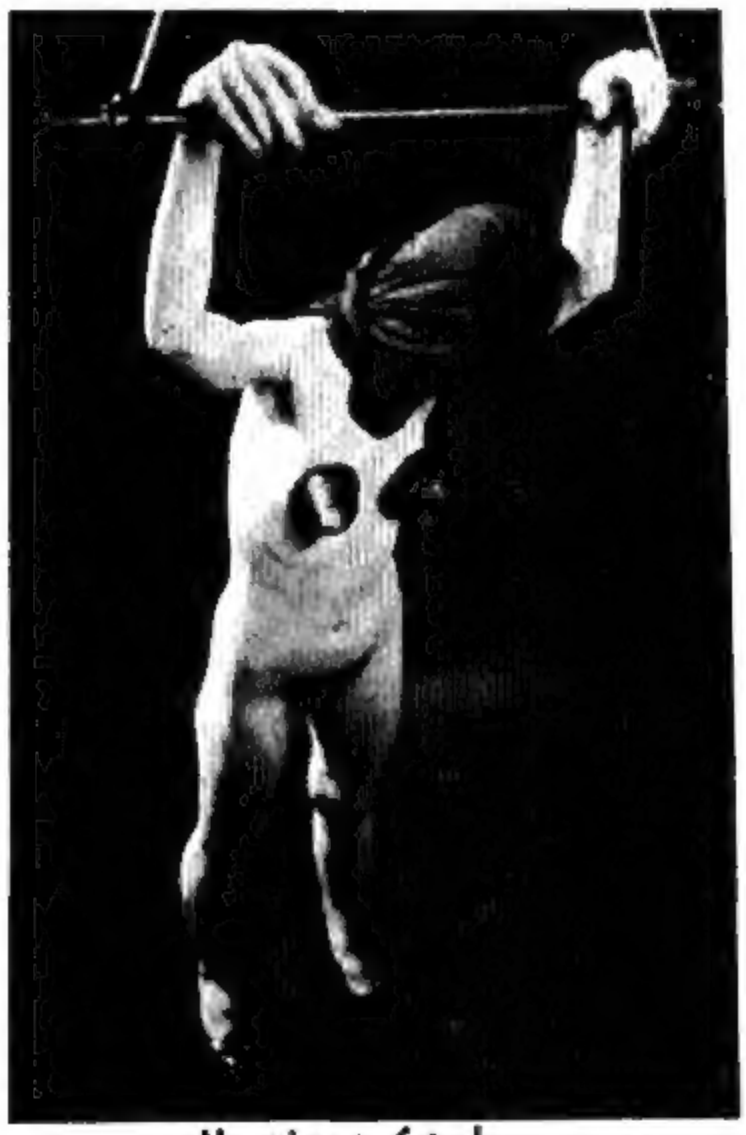
CG- You told me that another magazine wouldn't let you talk about ButtFucking! GO AHEAD, here's your chance, I promise I'll print it.

RK- Well that's the PAST. I DONT CARE! Buttfucking is something you do when you want to degrade someone and

Long Leg in "You Killed Me First"

I haven't had anyone to put down lately. I guess I COULD Buttfuck my nose, Get rid of My COLD!

CG- How do audiences in Europe react to your films?



Mystery Girl in "Submit to Me" NEW Version

RK- If you put in the ad- "New York Underground or Underground Hardcore or Hardcore PUNK", you can get a million people to COME! Because their PORNO scene is so fucking Limp. I dont know why they have this fascination with NY Underground. Every show I Did was SOLD OUT.

CG- How did they REACT?

RK- I did actually sit in the audience in Hamburg during FinGERed and it was really Funny to hear the audience miming things Like "CHECK Eet Out," that CRACKED me up! People were telling me everywhere, that they're gonna hate that SEX shit but, MAN, FinGERed went over BIG EVERYWHERE. People asked me, "I VANT to Deestribute THEES FEELM in EUROPE."

CG- They want to make money off you?

RK- I was offered a couple of pretty good Distribution deals.

CG- Why didn't you take 'em?

RK- Because I haven't been back to finish setting it up. They wanted 1000 tapes, 700 tapes, 300 tapes, what I'm going to do is not do it unless I can actually hand them the amount they request and they hand me the amount that I request, or you'll just get burned. You get BURNED on everything you do in EUROPE unless you're some MEGA-Company.

CG- Do feminists like The Right Side of My Brain?

RK- It's been pretty well equally divided. The BAVE-Head feminists who... if you're not a woman making movies about women Fucking women

you're an ANTI-Woman. Then there's the people who can see beyond they're Roses and see that Right Side of my bRaIN is not a feminist movie or a non feminist movie, if anything it's probably closer to a Feminist movie BUT it's about a ParTicular type of person and it happens to Be a Woman.

TOO BAD!

A Woman that Likes MORE and MORE and **MORE** and badder and BADDER and BADDER. I've been through that "scene", Lydia's been thru that "scene"—

CG—What "SCENE" is that?

RK—The SCENE where, in your Relationships you want 'em to get badder and BADDER, you want MORE and MORE WEIRDNESS. You want everything to get weirder and weirder. That's why when you ask me what is my ULTIMATE FANTASY, I'VE DONE IT! When I think of my Ultimate SEX-FANTASY Now I think of a girl that I can have a normal sexual relationship with and talk to Her over COFFEE in the Morning and not feel embarrassed And to walk down the street with her. That's Like an EXTREME Sex Fantasy because I've been looking for Fucking forever, MAN. I mean my ultimate SEX Fantasy is to have the NORMAL sexual relationship that exists In FAIRYTALE LAND, as we're taught as Little kids from going to MOVIES. That whole "scene" about you'll LOVE Someone FOREVER and NEVER have a Doubt about them. It'll go on for more Than a Week. RIGHT Side of My BrAIN was about that Type of person. Easy for me to relate to it. Some GirlS Say to ME, "I really understand... I really can Identify with that movie..."

There's this whole level of Men and Women with this "HURT ME" Attitude. And then there's these other people who go, "That's just STUPID PORNOGRAPHY" Village Voice said, "...you're just USING stereotypical pornographic clichés." HURRAY for all the controversy, Sells TaPeS. We wanted to make Something that was [illegible]X worse in Every way.

Audrey Rose (left) and Cassandra Stark in New "Submit"

We made FINGERED.

CG– I would not call the SEX in Fingered pornography, it just seems a Natural part of the Narrative.

RK– To me that's the way SEX is, just a Part of Life. Just Like in the movies, often the Ugliest part of life is the hardest part to deal with. That's what affects people most ABOUT that movie, the FUCKING. That Fuck scene and the Scene where LUNG gets her head Bonnked.

CG– YOU KILLED ME 1st is a critique of SuburBaN CULTURE and its SubjugAtion of IdEas. The QUOTE at the end Of the film Says, "Based on Events relayed to R. Kern by His Pals." Where Did ThaT coMe FROM?

RK– That Was the People in The Movie. For example, the Scene WITH the Father coming out with the GUN, David WOJNAROWICZ, who plays the MAN, his father used to Do ThaT all the Time. He had a very STRANGE childhood. The thing with the rabbit, his Father pulled that shit too. I mean, I'm 32 years OLD now and I was constantly meeting these YOUNGER PUNKERS. I met LUNG LEG when she was 21 years old. I call 'em PUNKERS because we used to Be called PUNKERS, whatever and by appearance it Looks much Like the SaMe "Scene". I'd MEET THESE Girls, So I was JUST thinKing a Lot ABOUT other People her age... I GuESS I WAS that way too, but I CouldN't figure out, how did she get this way. Basically me and David were doing this INstallation at this ART Gallery here which was Kind of a sensationalist success. He's a PaINter and he does quite Well and we were talking about our past, we had all these SKELETONS... and weird thINGS our Parents did... and he wanted to do a family sitting around a table at this installation and I'll make a movie leading up to this SKELETON family. Y'know, theyre all DEAD. WheN You OpeN the GALLERY door and you were in a Back alley, we made it Look just Like a Back alley, we had

Photo: Tony Coke

R. Kern and M. Nations on a set in "FinGeRED"

Audrey Rose in unreleased section of "Submit to Me"

all this Garbage, Dog SHIT and SHIT you had to wade through to get up to this wall and you'd look through this broken glass and you'd see inside this Family sitting around this table with a Little TV. On the TV was this story of What led up to... how these 3 skeletons got around the table in the 1st place. Why they were there.

CG- And the film was on the TV on Video?

RK- Yeah, as it happened fucking a million years ago as its still happening now on and on and on...

CG- There are more ideas compacted into that 12 minute Film than there are in most current Features.

RK- I like that movie a lot. I was a little bit afraid that it was gonna be funny 'Cause I was seeing it as this real depressing movie-

CG- I think the Laughter is a nervous Laughter. You've been quoted as saying you get bored with films over 30 minutes Long-

RK- Well it's True. If you try laying in your bed watching an hour and a half movie its pretty hard to shift aRound. I was talking to Nick and various other people and we used to go to the movies 2 or 3 X a week. That's all we did. And Now None of us go to the Fucking movies anyMORE. If it's playing in 57th Street that's 50 BLOCKS away. It's gonna cost $25 for me and MY Girlfriend to go there, get in, pay a cab. Plus you gotta sit in there with a BUNCH of giggling IDIOTS. Who WANTS it! It's easy to foresee all these theaters just disappearing in 10 years. I mean, you can be a die-hard movie fan but you can still watch it on VIDeO. I can Only think of 1 person I know that Doesn't have a VCR.

BLIP BLUP
BEEEEEEEEEEEEE

We Are Disconnected.

Kern calls Back Collect. CHEAPSKATE

R. Kern ~ Oh, when you do put that drug stuff in, make sure you say, I QUIT!

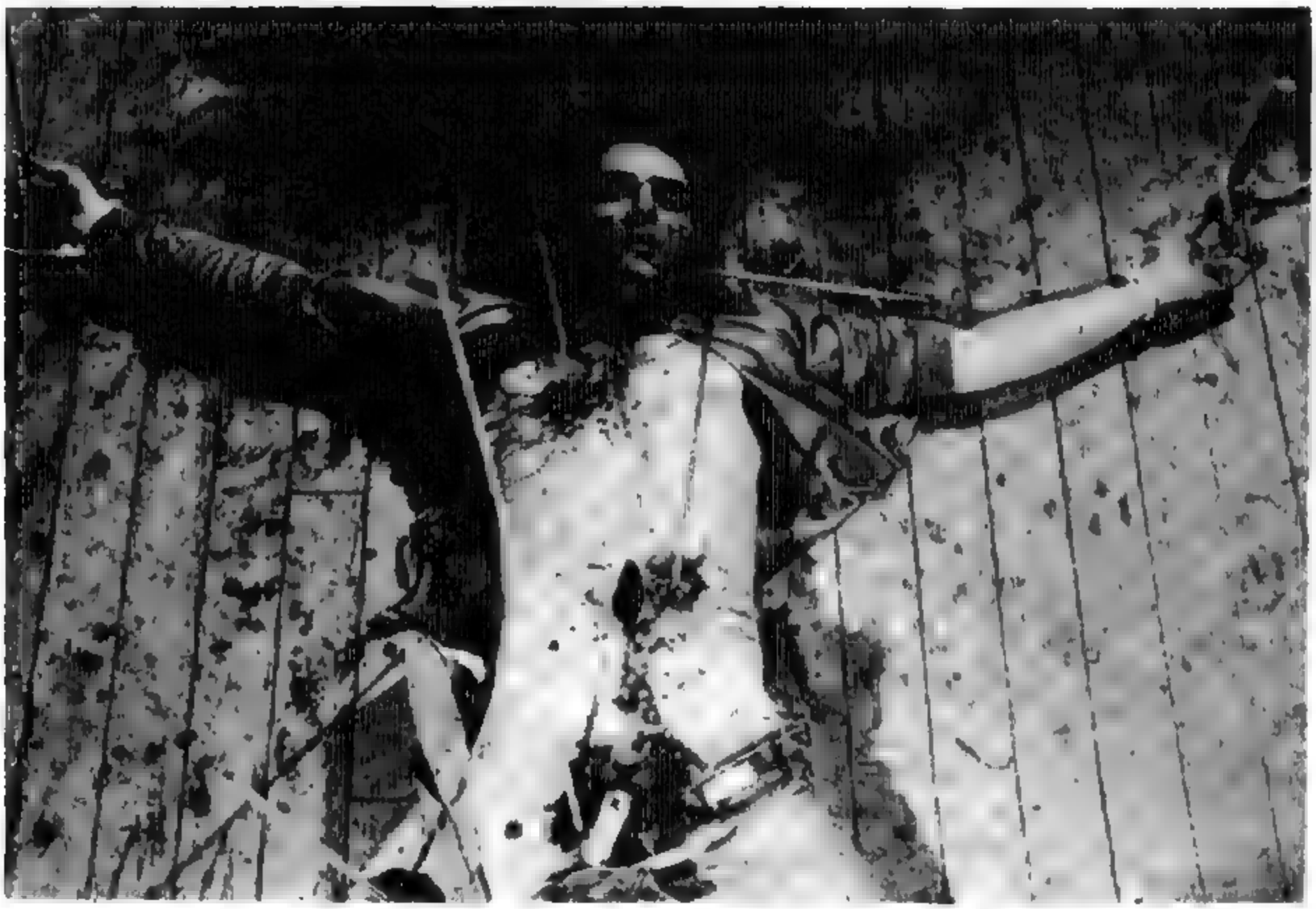
C. Gore ~ Okay. What's your favorite Band?

RK ~ I'm a fan of Black FLAG because you don't cause change by saying, "Let's Kill the Landlord!" You don't cause change with music anyway. You can with songs about what's going on in your HeaD. It's inside a persons head that you have to deal with. Not the Outside things affecting their head. If you can cause them to think and understand their own thought processes, the person themselves will take it from there.

CG ~ Did you EVER go to Film School?

RK ~ I went to COLLEGE and ended up getting an Art Degree. I tried to take the basic "hands on" Film courses, this is the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and the people were so fuckin' stupid I just said, "FUCK IT!" I didn't decide to start making Films halfway serious until I was about 29. And only then because I thought, "well I've wanted to do this for a LONG time I better fucking Get around to it." I worked on a Bunch of Rock videos to get some experience but I noticed pretty quickly that you have to start in whatever position you want to be in. It's kind of hard to work yourself up from Production Assistant to DiRECTOR or Head of a COMPANY. So I quit doing that and just started making Movies on MY OWN. Art school was real useful because when I was in school I thought ALL this ART stuff was real and Truth and all this shit and when I got to New York I noticed it was all just ECONOMICS and BullSHIT! But I learned a lot about Business from studying Art, 'cause that's the Biggest BullSHit Business World around, especially when they're rating the value of something that's very ordinary.

Tom Turner in "Manhattan Love Suicides - I HATE YOU NOW"



Tom Turner in "Acid Death" version of "Submit To Me" (Spiked by LUNG)

CG- Tell me about Manhattan Love Suicides?

RK- You were asking earlier about my sex fantasies, well that pretty much has most of 'em in there ... or just how I was seeing sex at the time. These obsessive, erotic, destructive relationships. Nick, who I had just met, said he had an idea for a thing where he kills himself and I said GREAT 'cause I wanna make these suicide movies. The one with the girl in the car, that's an old girlfriend, and she wanted to have a movie for her performance art and she got somebody to give her the money for it so I took the money and said Great I'll stick this in my movie. The other 2 I just made myself.

CG- I really like I **HATE** YOU NOW.

RK- Yeah, that's pretty much my "scene". That's something that I noticed over and over. I had this girlfriend who started aping me, not just in looks, but, y'know, they'd start doin' what you do and taking on your interests which is like the last thing you want them to DO! Your lover begins y'know if they don't have their own self confidence y'know their own scene under control they often begin to take on parts of your scene.

For example, the girl in Woman at the Wheel began making these movies after we were going out. She got a lot of mileage outof taking our relationship, our **FIGHTING** and putting it into these performances. I noticed other girls would start taking photographs. Y'know it's like c'mon, find your own "SCENE." I don't want you to be like me, I want you to be your own self. It seemed the more they started being like me the more I would **HATE** 'em. (LAUGH) HA HA HA HA

CG- Submit to Me has no narrative, it's just bondage, sex, & violence for 30 minutes which is called the Acid Death version—

RK- Well it's being re-edited to around 30-45 minutes—

C — So tell me about this whole thing.

RK- Well take the short version it starts pretty-pretty-pretty. Pretty and you get a spinning guy who looks pretty maniacal then it starts getting bondage, then it starts getting S&M.

Tom Turner as an O.D. in "Submit to Me"

then it starts getting **BLOOD**, then it gets to like Blood covered SCREAMING!

I keep seeing sexual relationships as **BLACK**. Always leading to Badness.

At the time I'd been thru My Bondage "Scene", My S&M "scene", the result is very little interest NOW.

The LONG version starts out in Outer Space then it comes down to a TV screen where there are little girls on a television screen, pretty little girls then it cuts to scenes from Movies where pretty little girls are taking off their clothes. Then it starts into S&M and Bondage and getting weirder and weirder till it's just like **DEATH!!!**, Death, **DEATH**. The film is like a bunch of different projects stuck together But the **ACID DEATH** one was made for these Acid Parties someone was having in New York. Lots of Acid Parties and Mushroom parties,

I'm not a big acid fan or Mushroom fan But I wanted to Show Movies because I thought what a Great Audience to Manipulate Because when you're on drugs, especially Acid or Mushrooms Man everything looks weird and seems to have Deep SIGNIFICANT MEANING. About that time I was getting Some Attention and people were saying, "OH, I'll Do **ANYTHING** to Be in a Movie, Anything DeGrading!" It's really weird the way

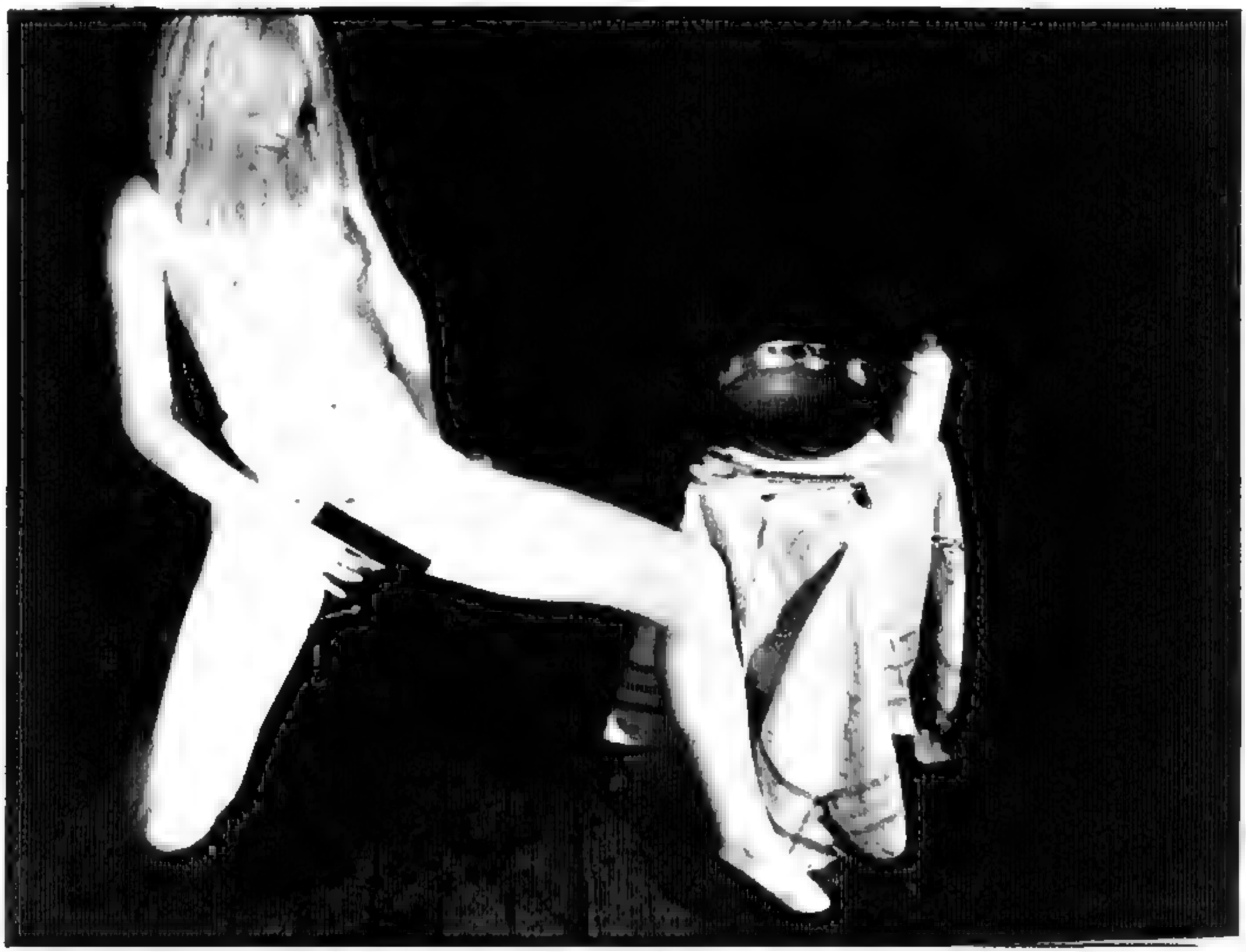
Kern fucked up on X Photo: Friend

people are willing to do anything to be in a Movie. So I thought let's call it SUBMIT to ME, Let's See what people will do. So then it would just be the cameraman and One person or 2 people and it would all be people who wanted to Be in it. And they would do Whatever they reminded me of... or WHATEVER.

But I still tried to structure it so it Does go from Pretty-HAPPY-GLAMOUR Niceties to Like into **SeX & BLOOD & DEATH.**

The Acid Death version is more Definitive because it does start with little girls on TV and the audience and how We look at little girls on TV and then how we see glimpses of Nudity and how we become interested in SeX and after we get tired of that we become interested in some BonDage and after We get tired of that we get into some S&M and after we get tired of that we get into Death and after we get tired of that we get into MORE DEATH and MORE DEATH and MORE DEATH and then there's Nothing left. It's like an obsession with excitement. We are initially taught that THE Excitement is SeX and after you run thru that and it gets BORING there's VIOLENT sex. Why do you think people like Violent Movies?

Kim Gordon in "Death Valley '69" & Kern Video for Sonic Youth



A Mystery Girl (friend) in Unreleased R Kern Movie "Blond Murders" © 1985

It's kind of the same thing with Right Side of my Brain, always wanting more, except the audience gets to fill in a lot of the blanks on this one. It definitely creates a visual mood in your brain. I guess it's kind of arty.

CG- OH NO I **HATE** Art!

RK- Well what is not art now will be art in 10 years. (LAUGH) HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

CG- Technically, FINGERED is the best Super 8 film I've seen-

RK- 'Cause it was edited on video-

CG- So tell me the details.

RK- Well I shot it in B&W Super 8, I had to rent this N:20 Crystal drive camera from Super 8-Sound in Boston. I did sound with a Nagra because you can't get B&W Super 8 with sound stripes. Then I went to this other place in Boston where they do really good transfers to video. Then I synced up the video & sound which had also been transferred and edit it on 3/4" video and I had never edited on video before and once I got it down it was real easy.

It's great doing video editing because with Super 8 editing you're lookin' at this tiny viewer and you have no sense of the time, how it's moving in time, the rhythm and in video you can sit there and lead the viewer's eyeball wherever you want to. I can do all that Eisenstein montage stuff.

CG- What are your future projects?

RK- My next project is just finishing this new Submit to Me there's also this other movie I started making around the same time called the **EVIL** CameraMan

where I was... well... y'know y'know you keep wanting things to look more and more Real and the Submit to Me Stuff was coming out where the people weren't really Submitting because they wanted to be in the Movie, they weren't doing anything that they didn't feel uncomfortable doing so I Started Shooting this Evil Cameraman where, I shot 3 sections of this, where it would be some girl and me and the Girl wouldn't know what was gonna happen and I would just basically turn the camera on and start doing stuff to 'em, tying 'em up or WHATEVER. And keep changing angles which is really hard to do 'cause I'm in the whole Movie. And I was gonna hand this to the N.Y. Downtown Film Festival and say it was Submit to Me and I know it would've really upset Some people Because there was No way you couldn't say it wasn't Misogynistic.

CG- If Superman and Jesus Christ got in a FIGHT, who would win?

RK- Superman definitely, He'd kill Jesus, he's too passive.

CG- So how do we end this, How do we end this interview?

RK- UNDERGROUND Films are **DEAD**, think of Something else to do folks.

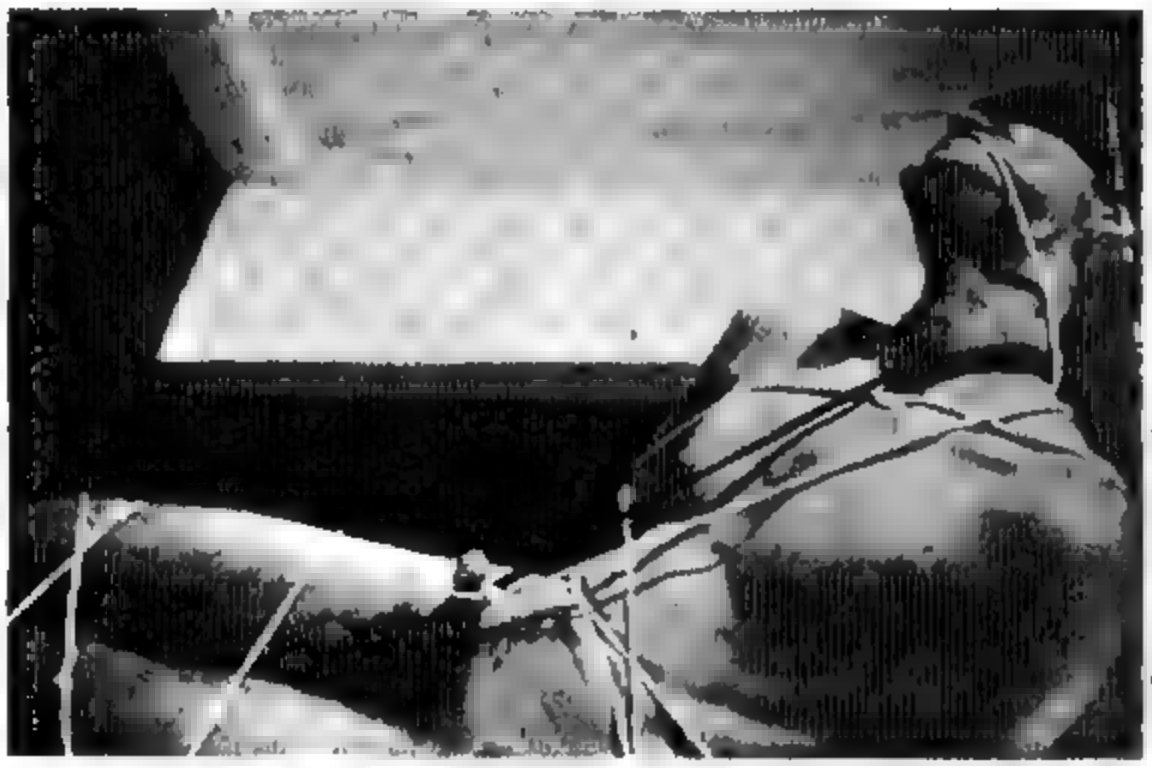


Photo: Tom Turner ©'86

Kern in "Submit to Me"

FILMOGRAPHY

GOODBYE 42ND STREET
(1984) Color Super 8 Sound, 5 Minutes.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY BRAIN
(1984) Black and White Super 8 Sound, 23 Minutes.

THE MANHATTAN LOVE SUICIDES
(1985) Black and White Super 8 Sound, 35 Minutes

SUBMIT TO ME
(1985) Color Super 8 Sound, 10-30 Minute Versions

YOU KILLED ME FIRST
(1985) Color Super 8 Sound, 12 Minutes

FINGERED
(1986 — available 6/86) Black and White Super 8 Sound, 30 Minutes

SONIC YOUTH: DEATH VALLEY '69
(1986) Color Video, 5 Minutes

NOTE: All films are available in ¾ and ½ inch video)

Photo: Marta

by Nick Zedd!

Some person calling himself Christian Gore, sent me a check in the mail for $50 to write something for this diarrhetic crudzine of his.

After cashing the check, I immediately went out, bought 5 bags of dope, took a bus to Long Island and resold the shit to some 4th graders for $20 a hit. I think they liked it.

Who puts this thing out anyway? Rich Commies? Trotskiite thugs? Everyone agrees that this magazine sucks, but what should we do about it? String up Gore and Seewood by the balls with barbed wire and flog them with copies of the Communist Manifesto? All the comics in this shit rag suck. But nothing beats "Punk to Ponder". Somebody please lock up Jello Biafra before we all gag on his elementary school insights. This man deserves to be locked up. It would give his martyr complex justification.

O.K. so you've finally discovered there's something better to write about than how bad an actor Sylvester Stallone is or what an embarrassing, cliche-ridden assault of regressive stereotypes films like Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom are. (Most popular video of the month - bleech!) After exposing myself to this imbicilic excuse for entertainment, I now know the true meaning of the word fascist. Films like this shove prefabricated notions of boring excitement at you in a non-stop orgy of stupid thrills designed to keep you from exercising any creative thought. This is what fascism does. You are not encouraged to develop or solve problems by yourself. They are all invented and solved for you in a mosaic of violent bombast. Unlike real life all the elements in this film are cartoon equivalents of good or evil, masking racist assumptions regarding the character traits of Oriental people and sexist assumptions regarding the nature of women, demonstrated by the imbicilic antics of that suburban housewife buffoon who was masquerading as a lead actress, and the lame dialogue lifted from an old Terry and the Pirates comic stuck in the mouths of every character with slanted eyes.

Cretin slime like Spielberg and Lucas think they can get away with all this regressive stereotyping of Germans, women and other foreigners by setting the whole thing back in World War II which is supposed to make it safe, but it just doesn't work. No matter how hard they try, Lucas and Spielberg can't alter the fact that in the real world the rest of us are living in, forty years of systematic annihilation of these regressive stereotypes has rendered them impotent to all but a few children like themselves. Just because we have a senile liar for a president doesn't mean we have to emulate his mentality.

Yes, Underground Films do exist, and as we who have been suppressed by the indifference of the bastards in the clouds are

well aware, there have always been alternatives to the *bubble gum of the mind* peddled by Hollywood and Europe for our consumption. And for the time being our capitol is in New York. Ironically as the center of our mass print media, The Big Apple vomits out more pretentious film magazines than anybody, but they're all written by narrow minded whores in starched shirts, so don't expect any coverage of the Underground in the pages of the American Film, Film Comment or the Village Voice.

Underground films are only available by mail from New York. Since they are banned everywhere, they are almost never seen anywhere. Everyone is afraid to show them. The root of conservativism - *fear of change* - is a form of cowardice which afflicts nearly everyone in the 1980's. But we don't care. We'll be laughing all the way to the bank ten years from now when the historians are sifting through this decade looking for something exciting. It's just a drag having to wait for them to catch up.

My cat has leprosy.

As I watch the roaches crawling in by bed, I'm wondering when I'll have enough money to finish the film I started a year ago. That it should take me a year to finish a ten minute film due to lack of cash bespeaks the ignorance of a world which could vomit out diseased fungus like Blue Velvet. I suppose I should be grateful the air conditioning in the Waterly Twin Theaters drowned out most of the stupid dialogue in this lummox of a film. If this is avant-garde, then Pee Wee Herman is Rambo.

"Ok, so what's going on in New York, conceited, self-promoting transgressor?" you ask.

At least five fatally overdosed 4th graders in Long Island paid me to give you the answer to this monumentally irrelavent question, so you better listen up, schmuck. I know it means more to you than it does to me since I've known about it for at least 2 weeks.

We had a festival down here designed to show off as many of these despised films as possible before the fire marshals could find out, and even though the whole shitwagon was put on by one of the slimiest assholes I've ever known, Ela "let me tell you a lie" Troyano, I guess it deserves mention, especially since all the other film mags turned up their noses at it, not entirely due to the stench of the Hag's lies, but to their own leprous hypocrisy. Forget that none of the filmmakers involved, 3 months later have yet to receive one penny for their labors, at least it got us a centerfold in the East Village Eyesore, everyone's least favorite newspaper.

At the '86 New York Film Festival Downtown all of the boring and unclear films got the usual polite applause. Then they showed my film, Kiss Me Goodbye, and some people in the crowd began to produce hissing noises which pleased me since to get any response other than polite applause from a group of art fags is a major accomplishment.

I think part of the crowd hissed because they thought it was "sexist" or something, but I'm only guessing. When another film (Girls Can't Help It) showed two dykes castrating a peeping tom, everybody applauded, showing what hypocrites they are. Afterwards, the director's girlfriend gave him an award for making it.

John Spencer of Pussy Galore caused the most controversy by showing PUS, which half the audience was screaming at over how much they hated it, demanding it be taken off, while the other half screamed for it ot be left on. Thanks to the retarded projectionist, the bulb blew out on the projector, and when this happened there were many happy cretin faces. Naturally, it was the best film.

Black Cat Tea, by Marzy Quazar, also elicited a chorus of boos and hisses from the crowd, simply because the girl who made and starred in it got bitten by a vampire, played by Monte Cazazza. How shocking. By now the only clear indication that a film had any real creative merit could be determined by the number of disparaging snorts it produced. By the same token, the more boring and aimless a film was, the more pleased applause it evoked from the snob crowd.

Tommy Turners trailer for Where Evil Dwells, based on the Ricky Kassos Satan Teen Murders, was badly shot, sloppy and out of focus, distracting from the impact to the images, which might have been interesting, especially "Baby" getting his eyes gouged out. I was especially amused at the naked girls strung up and the sight of Joe Coleman biting the heads off live mice. A bit like looking at a moving Bosch painting through a blurred kaleidoscope, the overall effect was annoying. Tommy got an award for it anyway.

Rat Trap was mostly out of focus and sloppy, too.

I received my annual award for putting up with the late Troyano's bullshit, half of a 50¢ candle. Next year it will probably be a piece of string.

New York is now dead thanks to all these assholes who closed down all of the good clubs and ruined the ones still left. Blame it on the greedy landlords, pig cops and our corrupt mayor, "Beats Me" Ed Koch.

Tommy Turner did a performance at the Cat Club and threw up onstage. Then he set himself on fire accidentally and fucked a skeleton while people trampled on the flames. I was a bit disappointed to hear the bouncers didn't give him their now obligatory beating-for-the-paid-talent, but you can't have everything. G.G. Allen went onstage, took a shit, threw it at the audience and got beat up by the bouncers before being thrown out into the sidewalk in his jockstrap. The Catshithole then fired the guy responsible for booking these naughty acts. They should have fired the bouncers.

Evil Hag Troyano admitted, in her own words that she was "a piece of shit" to me at her festival, promising to give me my print of Totem of the Depraved after a three year wait. A week later, she changed her mind proving what a liar she is. If I ever

get it back, maybe it will be seen again, but then I probably won't want to show it.

Photo: R. Kern

Nick Zedd with his fat girlfriend, Sue.

This Year's Enemies

Jim Thurwell's girlfriend
The Insect
The Liar
Carlo "The Worm"
The Ostrich
Bilski
Paul "The Rat" Brodbeck
Maggothole
Jack "The Weasel" Waters
Marla Lipschultz
The Cat Club Bouncers
My Landlord

The Year of the Backlash

In 1986, The Cinema of Transgression provoked a viciously reactionary backlash from several surprising sources. Right-wing art rags like CineAction, Snack, and the Funnel Newsletter became ventriloquist dummies for the movement by publishing articles attacking it, and played into the hands of the filmmakers they maligned by giving us more free bad publicity than we ever got from the Voice. Also playing into our hands by proving how narrow-minded they are for not booking our films were the assholes at The Collective, ABC No Rio, Bleeker St. Cinema, The Kitchen, P.S.1., Millenium, The B.F.V.F., and The Funnel as expected. (All Filmmakers should be warned to avoid ABC No Rio, whose director, Jack Waters, has gained quite a reputation for stealing their door money and then lying about it.)

The rigidly conservative Robin Dickie at The Collective is now the movement's worst enemy not counting the rotten Amy Taubin, "Ostrich" Hoberman, and Howard "The Monster" Guttenplan, all narrow-minded fossils in need of retirement. Monkeys of a conservative age, the Ostrich Squad will be harshly judged by history for their cowardice and soundly forgotten when the time comes. Because of their exclusionary booking policies, many of New York's most important underground filmmakers have found themselves starving to death this year with no money to live on let alone make films. The New York Council on the Arts has also turned a deaf and dumb ear to our pleas for financial assistance to its eternal disgrace.

On the other hand, Tessa Hughes Freeland in N.Y., Mark Shreier in Michigan, Debbie Shane in Boston, Steve Gallagher in Buffalo, Chris Gore in Detroit, Barry Stolz in Florida and Jo:- Killough in Ohio will all be remembered for their bad taste and courage in enabling a group of filmmakers whose work has been blackballed everywhere to at least be seen and talked about somewhere. While N.Y.'s orators and critics turned more reactionary than ever before this year, many friends were found outside our borders when California's Rough Trade, Ohio's Alterantive Press, Detroit's Film Threat, Atlanta's Low Life, Florida's Suburban Relapse and Mark Shreier's Ann Arbor Film Festival all stood behind the Invisible Cinema in spite of massive indifference from entrenched quarters. It is they who should be remembered for not backing down to the forces of boredom and timidity the way everyone else did.

As filmmakers, we of the Cinema of Transgression must never forget we're at war with everything Hollywood and the established avant-garde stands for and it must now be obvious the latter will never forgive us for being a success outside the realm of their limited structures. Fuck them.

As filmmakers, we should be commended for not giving up in the face of such total hatred from everyone in power. For continuing to make films in spite of the "alternative" power structure's total indifference, Tommy Turner, R. Kern, Richard Klemannn, Bradley Eros, and Aline Mare, Michael Wolfe, Tessa Hughes Freeland, John Spencer, David Rutsala and others deserve all our support. They just keep making films while everyone else wallows in bullshit.

More Great Films Banned From The Collective, Millerlom, and the Kitchen

You Killed Me First
Submit To Me
Fingered
Rat Trap
The Where Evil Dwells Trailer
Go To Hell
Kiss Me Goodbye
Police State
Pay To Live
Girls Can't Help It
Pus
Love Dolls Superstars
Get Up and Dig

Festivals:

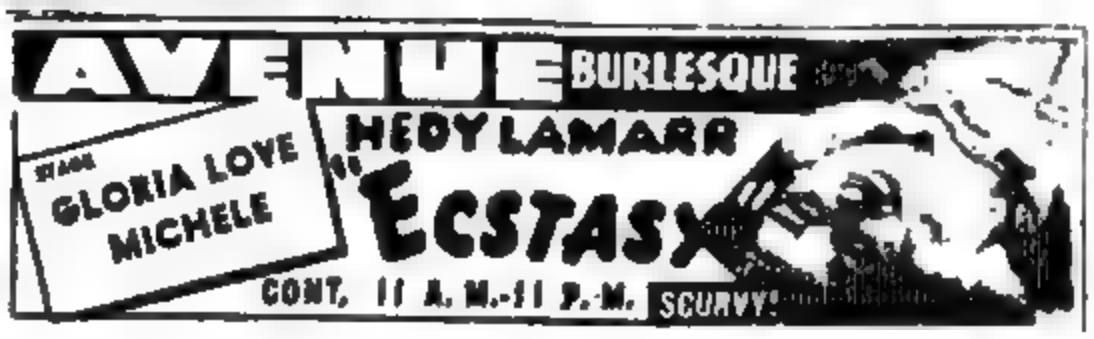
All film festivals that charge "entry fees" are just scams to rip off the filmmakers. All festivals should pay rental fees the night of the show to each filmmaker whose work is shown, out of the door money they collect. No filmmaker should be subjected to the indignity of having to wait weeks or months for a check to arrive in the mail. This insulting procedure should be discontinued immediately by the N.Y. Film Festival Downtown or else end the festival.

O.K. Pinkos, is that good enough? Tell Karl Marx I could use another fifty bucks.

SLEAZE

CINEMA OF THE PAST!!!

The films you see before you were released in the 40's-60's. They mostly dealt with propoganda or Elicit activities. Why can't they make movies like this anymore?



*Clippings compiled from old newspapers and contributed by C.S. Jones. Including Teenage Mother on the back of this Mag.

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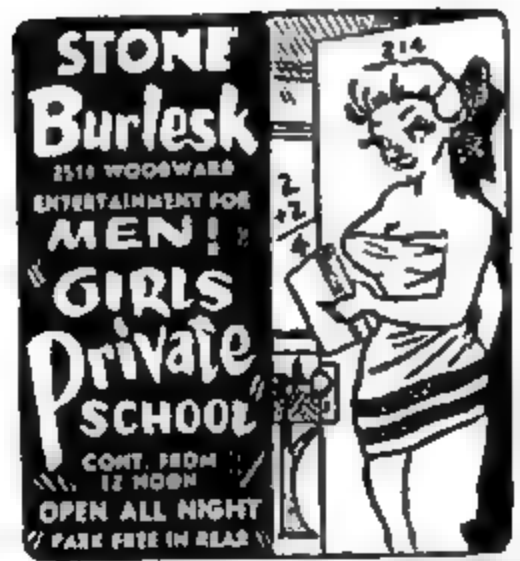

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Time of Desire

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UNBELIEVABLE PICTURES OF THE MONKEY WORSHIPERS!

IT'S VIVID!
IT'S POWERFUL!
IT'S DARING!

THE FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE

WARNER-PURDON PRODUCTION

Lydia

L·U·N·C·H

an intimate talk with the lunch bag...

Recorded over the Phone 1·19·87

Christian Gore: So what's going on Right Now...?

Lydia Lunch: I'm watching wrestling Live from Madison Square Gardens & I wish I was there, because my Favorite wrestler Brett the Hit Man Hart is like only 50 blocks away from my House. And, the closer I could get to him the better I'm sure I would feel, but, unfortunately I'll have to settle for the fuckin' boob tube live from M.S.G.

C.G.: Are you drinkin' anything Rite now?

L.L.: I don't drink..

C.G.: You don't drink, what do you do..?

L.L.: I don't drink and I don't do drugs

C.G.: You don't do anything?

L.L.: That's only (2) possibilities that I've cut out of my life. I wouldn't say that I don't do anything, just because I don't do that...

C.G.: You reluctantly started in 'The Wild World of Lydia Lunch', a Nick Zedd film, he says you fucked him over, what's your story?

L.L.: It's a piece of fuckin' shit that Nick Zedd... (pause for thought) just filming me walking around, it wasn't meant to be a film, he was like doing a stinky home movie. Personally I feel he's the worst film maker in existance, however I think he's a brilliant philosopher & a writer - if he'd only persue that & forget the film 'cause I despise his films. The title is the most inaccurate title ever. It wasn't meant for release, I mean he just used women as usual to support himself, I can understand that concept, but, any further than that.. (I) certainly don't endorse it and I think that anyone

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L.L. Government, because with religion you have a choice but with government you don't have a choice. With religion you can choose which religion you want, but, with government you're totaly fucked. I don't believe in religion and I don't necessarily believe in the government either but, the lesser of 2 evils. I don't believe in hell after life.

C.G. You starred in 2 Lydia Lunch vehicles, as R. Kern puts it, and you showed a remarkable skill in acting. How did you prepare for your role?

L.L. I lived w/ the star for 2 years, & we always acted like that. It wasn't really what I consider acting it was more like attitude "Right side of my brain" was more female, more like a... psycho-logical thriller. "Fingered" was meant to be more like, action-packed to get a documentation at a certain attitude or a certain philosophy but it's 2 seperate sides of the same coin.

C.G. Do you think that feminists **HATE YOU?**

L.L. [distracted pause here] Anyway my favorite fucking team is on wrestling rite now & I have to go watch it because I'm going to have a heart attack 'cause it's for the heart foundation.

C.G. [momentary panic set in] No, no, you gotta do this interview!!

who attempts to view it or buy it is obviously foolish

C.G. So they should try to get complimentary copies like me!

L.L. I think they should go for the R. Kern **DEATH TRIP** kind of mode & go for the real thing, instead of somebody that's making a film that doesn't exist

C.G. If you could eliminate government or religion - which would you choose?

L.L: [REGAINING ATTENTION] GO AHEAD, DON'T STOP NOW I'M LISTENING. (OUT) I CAN'T HEAR YOU THE T.V.'S TOO LOUD WHAT!?

C.G: [A BIT LOUDER] R.U. HATED by FEMINISTS?!

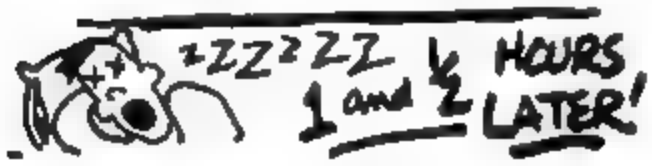
L.L. NOT REAL FEMINISTS, NO, BECAUSE THEY REALIZE WHAT I'M SAYING EXACTLY — WHAT IS (A): THE [redacted], AND (B): EXPLAINING THE FEMALE PHENOMENA. I MEAN THE WORD FEMINIST IS AS MIS-INTERPRETED AS ANY OTHER FUCKING CATEGORY... YOU KNOW, I CONSIDER MY-SELF A TRUE FEMINIST, BECAUSE I'M DEMANDING WHAT I WANT AS A WOMAN. I'M FOR LIBERATION THAT MEANS WHAT YOU WANT, NO MATTER WHAT THE CONSEQUENCE TO ANY ONE ELSE.

C.G: (AH).. COOL [A PHRASE OVERLOOKED FOR MORE INTERESTING IN ORIGINAL INTERVIEW THAN WHAT YOU WILL SEE IN PRINT] DO YOU WANT TO CALL ME BACK SO WE CAN GET A BETTER CONNECTION?

L.L: YEAH, BUT, IF I CALL YOU BACK IT'LL BE IN LIKE AN HOUR AFTER WRESTLING.

C.G: O.K., LETS DO THAT, THEN....

L.L. I'LL CALL YOU BACK IN AN HOUR SO I CAN FINISH THIS CONVERSATION



C.G: SO, WRESTLING WAS A LITTLE LONGER THAN YOU THOUGHT - WHY?

L.L: WELL, IT'S A LONG NITE OF WRESTLING. I LOVE TO SEE BIG, BEAUTIFUL PREFERABLY STUPID MEN BEATING UP ON EACH OTHER. IT'S SOMETHING I ENJOYED EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER GROW OUT OF IT.

C.G: THAT SOUNDS GREAT

L.L: SO, BACK TO THE LAST QUESTION YOU ASKED ME, WHICH I HADN'T ELABORATED ON - DO FEMINISTS HATE ME? I THINK I AM A FEMINIST BECAUSE I THINK FEMINISM EQUALS LIBERATION, LIBERATION EQUALS FREEDOM AND FREEDOM EQUALS THE RITE TO CHOOSE. NOW, JUST BECAUSE OF A FEW CHOICE LOUDMOUTHED, STUPID ASSININE, UPTIGHT WOMEN WHO CALL THEMSELVES FEMINISTS BELIEVE IN - CENSORSHIP WHICH IS THE BIGGEST CROK OF SHIT I'VE EVER HEARD. BECAUSE IF YOU'RE TRULY A FEMINIST YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN CENSORSHIP YOU BELIEVE IN ANTI-CENSOR. YOU BELIEVE IN FREEDOM AND THAT MEANS EVERYBODY GETS TO CHOOSE WHAT THEY FUCKIN' WANNA DO, WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M FOR, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE A MINORITY SOCIAL OR OTHERWISE.

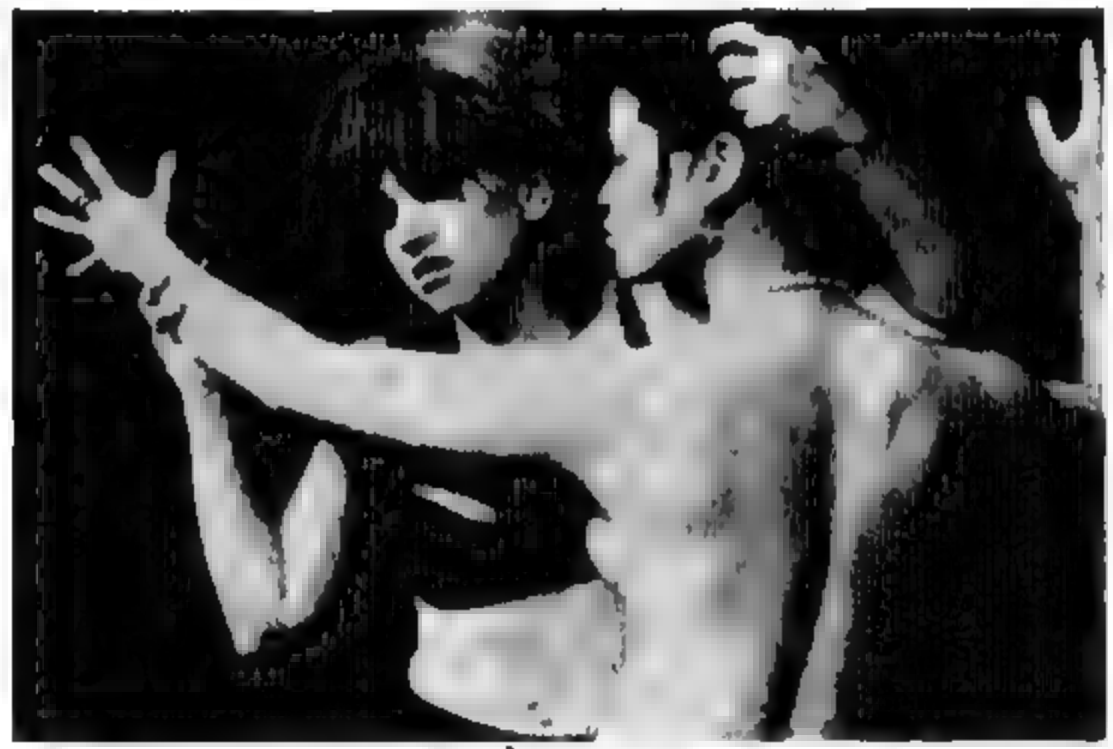
L.L: [CONTINUED] NO, I WOULD SAY THAT TRUE FEMINISTS DON'T HATE ME, IT'S JUST THE UPTIGHT, FRIGID, STUPID LAZY, UNTHINKING CUNTS & COCKS OF THIS WORLD THAT MAY FOSTER ANY PREJUDICE AGAINST ME — ANYWAY, I DON'T BREAK IT INTO CATEGORIES, THOUGH, WE'LL JUST CALL THEM IGNORANT. OF COURSE, NOBODY HATES ME, WHAT'S THERE TO HATE, CHRIS...

C.G: I DON'T KNOW, I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU WHY PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE SO GREAT —

L.L: WHAT PEOPLE...

C.G: WELL,.. LIKE 'FORCED EXPOSURE' MAGAZINE

L.L: DID YOU EVER READ THEIR MAGAZINE...(?)



L.L. and Sally Hen Yo in "Right Side"

THEN YOU'LL KNOW WHY.

C.G: YEAH... [SHOW NOT REPORT]

L.L: I MEAN, WHAT'S THE COMPETITION...

C.G: THERE YOU GO..

L.L: IT'S NOT A MATTER OF GREATNESS, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF THERE BEING ABSOLUTELY NO COMPETITION FOR WHAT

I'm trying to expound upon, which is female sexuality and the psycho-logy of it. It's defecta-, fuck-ups, the intricacies.

C.G: Well, maybe there's no-one with as big a mouth as YOU!

L.L: Seek them out and then elaborate upon it..

C.G: Like Tracy Lords could be, but she's so stupid I think that....

L.L: Well, that's absolutely rite... I say again, there's no competition for what I'm expressing, which is - "Intelligent Life After Porn" - so called quoted on the cover of a certain magazine..

C.G: Do you want to direct films?

L.L. I think that I direct enough when I'm co-directing w/ Richard. What I'm creating is a total collaboration. I don't want to make films w/ anyone other than Richard at this point. I think that we have the perfect working relationship. Any film projects that come to mind I immediately want to do them w/ him, because I know he thoroughly understands what I want & wants the same thing. I have enough influence in the films that I make w/ Richard that I feel satisfied... I don't need to call it directing.

C.G: It's as if you do have a lot of control over the product.

L.L: Well, obviously - it's a total collaboration

C.G: Tell me about 'Submit to me'.

L.L: 'Submit to me' is the evil cameraman's worm's eye view of getting people in the rite mood to do whatever stimulating kind of masturbation in front our master: R. Kern, everyone assumes the identity-position which they find the most →

MEAN: Jim Thirwell
Lydia's boyfriend

stimulating or provocative to them. All dealing w/ masturbation. I just like to jack-off in front of Richard Kern.

C.G: You do??

L.L: Doesn't everybody?.. I mean, that's why it's called 'Submit to me'. I like it because of the attitude Richard has when filming. I like his cold, clinical hard eye. It's just different. Doing it in front of Richard than doing it in front of everyone else. He's just so cool & reserved and in control and I respect that in a man since I know so few that are.

C.G: What are the 2 stupidest lines you hear from guys?

L.L. They never say anything to me. They never try to pick me up!

C.G: Are they afraid of you?

L.L: No, I guess they just send me dirty letters in the mail. I think I'm a very liberated, understanding individual, what's there to be afraid of?!

C.G: Do you ever get dirty letters in the mail?

L.L: Sure. Don't you?

C.G: Uh..... I get hate mail. What kind of letters do you get?

L.L: Everything from people sending imprints of their cock to requests from prisoners to all sorts of strange & provacative offers.

C.G: Do you answer your mail?

L.L: If it's stimulating enough, yeah...

C.G: Have you ever had to deal with any kind of censorship?

L.L: Well, fortunately they have paid all their attention to the Dead Kennedys and 'Pure'.

MAgazine, THEY HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR EAST YET. AND ALSO THEY HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR UNDERGROUND YET- I'M SURE THEY'RE SPYING ON ME RITE NOW. I MEAN, THEY CAN'T REALLY BUST YOU FOR YOUR ATTITUDE - WELL,.. THEY CAN. I GUESS THEY'LL GET AROUND TO IT BUT, I'VE FULLY PREPARED MYSELF BY SPEAKING POLITICALLY & WRITING SPEECHES PERTAINING TO THIS VERY DILEMNA WHICH I'M NO DOUBT ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE FIRE OF IN THE NEAR FUTURE. I HAVE A PLAY ALSO THAT I'M WRITING FOR THE FALL DEALING EXACTLY W/ THE C.I.A. AND THE SPYING ON OF INDIVIDUALS WHICH IS CHRONIC IN THIS COUNTRY.

C.G.: WHERE DO YOU STAND POLITICALLY?

L.L.: I JUST DON'T LIKE THE SITUATION WE'RE IN NOW ITS AS IF WE'RE GOING BACK INTO THE 30 YEAR CYCLES OF LIKE THE 1890'S THE 1920'S THE 1950'S THE 1980'S OF REPRESSION AFTER A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FREEDOM BACKLASH FROM THE 60'S PROBABLY BY THE END OF THE 90'S IT'S GOING TO COME AROUND AGAIN & PEOPLE WILL START REVOLTING WHEN THEY REALIZE HOW FUCKED-UP THEY'VE ALLOWED IT TO BECOME BY LETTING PEOPLE WHO'VE GOT THEIR HEADS UP THEIR ASS RUN THE COUNTRY. IT'S A FUCKED SITUATION, BUT, WHOSE FAULT IS IT.? IT'S YOURS, IT'S MINE FOR BEING SO FUCKIN' PUSSYFACED THAT NOBODY BANDS TOGETHER IN ORDER TO COMPLAIN ABOUT IT OR MAKE A BIG ENOUGH STATEMENT OR

become fucking terrorists in this country to show how you feel — complacency & mediocrity is a bi-product of the 70's & that what we're suffering from in the 80's and the ultra conservativism, coupled w/ apathy & mediocrity by unthinking light-weight individuals who had it so easy in the 70's that they grew up to not fucking give 2 shits letting them, the populace of yuppie wanna-be-rich-and-who-gives-a-fuck-about-anything-else, the next generation of imbeciles take over. All I can do is complain, but, I complain about everything & what's one more thing on my list of multiferious complaints —

C.G: I just don't think that terrorists are very creative; they think if you kill people you get what you want, but if you threaten to spread some sort of disease in a certain part of the country...

L.L: What do you think they are doing with A.I.D.S.?

C.G: Who's doing it?

L.L: The government, it's obvious, trying to spread it to the subversive culture, so-called gays & drug-users.

C.G: You think A.I.D.S. was started by the government?

L.L: I think there's a very good chance. I'm not pointing the finger... face it, who's more subversive than drug addicts and homosexuals, according to the government.

C.G: Tell me 'bout your escapade w/ Lux Interior

L.L: Why? I don't find it a very interesting topic at this time. I mean, history is history. I prefer to live in the present if not the future.

C.G: If you could bring back 9 people from the dead & fuck them, who would they be?

L.L: Let me think for one second..... Ah, George Scott who used to be an eye-spy, Sharon Tate while pregnant - and, Lenny Bruce, because he looks and acts just like my father whose name is also Lenny..

C.G: Lenny Lunch?!?

L.L: Yeah, you could call him that..

C.G: If you could do it w/ Reagan what position would you do it in?

L.L: I'd do it w/ him buried 6 ft. underground w/ a fucking cannon at the back of his skull.

C.G: Why, don't you like him? - personally. I've never liked any president —

L.L: The concept is despicable, a contradiction in terms — president of a democracy doesn't make any sense.

C.G: If people were responsible you wouldn't need any kind of government.

L.L: But they're not - they are stupid, they're sheeplike and they want it & they need it - because the more restrictions they have the easier their life is..

Lydia Lunch and Lung Leg in "Fingered"

C.G: Did You Really Get BUTT-FUCKED in that SCENE at THE CAR in "FINGERED"?

L.L: WHAT DOES ONE SMALL EXAMPLE OF Getting ASS-FUCKED MATTER IN A LIFE WHERE I'VE BEEN ASS-FUCKED THOUSANDS OF TIMES -

C.G: YOUR CURRENT BOYFRIEND NOW IS J.G. THIRWELL

L.L: I DON'T USE the Word BOYFRIEND in MY VOCABULARY.

C.G: WHAT DO YOU USE in YOUR VOCABULARY?

L.L: TO DESCRIBE WHAT -

C.G: to DESCRIBE YOUR RELATIONSHIP W/ HIM.

L.L: WELL: BASICALLY I DON'T THINK ITS ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS and I DON'T CARE TO DESCRIBE IT. I DON'T LIKE to USE TERMS THAT ARE SO ARCHAIC

because the DISPOSITION of MY RELATIONSHIP FAR SUPERCEDES ANY CATEGORY YOU COULD POSSIBLY UNDER-STAND - I'M SORRY TO SAY ...

[Editor's Note: ...! DUH!]

C.G: OKAY... UM... SO, WHAT'S YOUR NEXT FILM PROJECT?

L.L. THE ANNIHILATION of EVERY STEREO-TYPICAL CLICHE in the AMERICAN SOCIETY OBLITERATED by A FEMALE VERSION of RAMBO ..... MYSELF.

"hey kids...

LUNCH TIME'S FUN TIME

Lydia LUNCH and Marty Nations in "FINGERED"

Lettered by Rick Morris
HEADLINE & LAYOUT by PAUL

A JOHN WATERS INTERVIEW

The Prince of Puke

Introduction by Stevenson

It is our pleasure to talk with independant filmmaker John Waters in this issue.

Over the past fifteen years John has become notorious to patrons of college and art movie houses all over the U.S. and Europe as the creator of a spitting, bubbling neon stew of cinematic sleaze, sensationalism and anarchy, lacking any socially redeeming value whatsoever, resoundingly devoid of any professional ethic or responsibility. So much for a "simple story" and a "happy ending". Drawing some of the most agitated and vehement critical damnings in film history, young John matured into a highly resourceful director. Of his films, which he writes, directs and produces, "Pink Flamingos" is his most infamous with it's shit eating scene, while "Female Trouble" is considered his best in some circles and truly ranks as probably the best color movie of the world. His most recent film, "Polyester" released to first run theaters, is by far his highest budgeted and promoted film, though hardly lavish by industry standards. John also surfaced with a book, "Shock Value", published by Delta, a highly recommended mix of his personal views — which he always allows to infect his films — a history of his filmmaking and interviews with Russ Meyer, Hershel Gordon Lewis and Divine.

While John readily and enthusiastically credits his schlock influences such as Meyer and Lewis, he is if nothing else — even his loudest detractors would admit — original. It is the sentiment behind his films as much as the schemes and effects that packs the punch. His films are completely shorn of the romanticism and pre-packaged ethics that have been force fed to us since childhood. If tears are shed at his movies they are tears of laughter, and if you're not laughing then you're probably completely disgusted. It is the lack of these ingredients as much as the subversiveness. and irresponsibility of his work that produces the bone-jarring effect on movie audiences. It is as much the absence of the "believable sympathetic characters" we so clamour for — and that so many critics mechanically base their criticisms on — as it is the presence of blood, visual assault and perversity that excites such a reflexive distaste in some viewers and delight and merriment in others. And while his exaggerated combatitive style initially appears to overshadow other aspects, such as plot, for example, the pure act of burning the sentimental waste off his characters and ideas and his refusals to candy-coat his scripts with "relevancy", "fairness" and "moral responsibility" frees his hand; he strikes much closer to realistic situations than other filmmakers who must play to their audiences with second hand emotional pathos, and hardly have the guts to handle these subjects anyway. He accomplishes ten times more with the belligerent bent of his stuff than other directors do no matter how skillfully or artistically they navigate within their narrow commercial bounderies, no matter how much money they have to make a film or what stars they have at their disposal.

Yet beneath the colorful reputation ("The Prince of Puke"), beneath the bludgeoning style and the exploitive explosive effects, lies a master of script and direction, fashioning subtle and understated hilarity against a backdrop of rollicking calamity — his films proffer with deft touches of dialogue and scene. Amid all the garish trappings ("I hate reality, and if I could have my way, everyting I captured on screen would be fake — the buildings, the trees, the grass, even the horizon."), amid all the pink cardboard house trailors, the chicken-rape scenes and joke executions lies an exceptional writer . . . though he's not above using the cheapest sensationalist ploys to meet his needs; "My advice to young filmmakers ", says John in his book, "is always to include plenty of violence in your films — it's an inexpensive effect, can disguise the fact you don't have any big stars, and it always gets a reaction."

Few directors seem to take the brunt of their films as squarely as Waters. How much they spend to make a movie seems to be their chief responsibility, and the ratio of budget to gross the main measurement of their success. But when you walk out of a Water's movie you wonder, "who the hell is this guy?" Like anything that assaults the senses, you wonder where it's coming from. But then John's more of a traveling carney than a director anyway, often appearing in person at his film showings, sometimes with Divine, to talk with the audience.

Extremist, radical as he is, John's hardly what you'd call a liberal. In fact he gets most of his flack from liberals; crybaby humanistic liberal critics who deplore his enthusiastic screen violence, liberal feminists who deplore his depictions of women — if they bother to take issue — and even lesbians who were angered over his movie "Desparate Living" with its lesbian elements. Apparently they had some complaint with his distorted contorted portrayals of lesbians. Well you just can't satisfy everyone. The list goes on. These liberal groups with their sacred-cow causes serve as especially easy, appealing and rewarding targets. John shoots from the hip at conservative causes too, such as the frenzied anti-abortionists and suburban anti-porn neighbors in "Polyester", and he hits the target dead center.

Finally, John says he likes to consider his movies as American comedies and really it's hard to imagine any other country giving bastardized birth to such visions. It's especially pleasing to know that in Europe where John is quite popular, and in Germany particularly, this is many a young film-goers first and most impressionable introduction to our Country. It makes me proud to be an American.

I spoke with John Waters over the phone on New Years Eve, December 31st, 1985. He is sitting at his desk in his apartment, chainsmoking from a carton of Kool's he has just stolen. I am lounging in my one room flat.

Jack Stevenson — Alright, let's start if off with what new films did you love or hate this year?

John Waters — Gee, "Godzilla" 1985 was my favorite since I'm always trying to have a happy childhood as an adult. I love the color and I think Gorgo, I mean "Godzilla", see, Freudian slip there, Godzilla stomping on buildings is my idea of cute. I liked "A Man Called Eva" which was a woman playing Fassbinder's life. I liked "Mad Max, Beyond Thunderdome", even though everybody else was disappointed, I thought it looked beautiful, I thought it was like a Fellini movie. I liked . . .

JS — How did you like the use of so many children in that film?

JW — I liked the kids in it. Didn't bother me at all. I liked . . . What did I like this year? I liked "Streetwise" a whole lot. Did you see that?

JS — Yeah, that was a great one. That double-billed with "Mean Streets".

JW — The scene where he puts the Coke can on the coffin was my favorite.

JS — Right, that almost looked, that funeral though was *weird!*

JW — Yeah, really! And I liked "Hail Mary", of course, because I like to have holy water thrown on me when I go to the movies.

JS — Right, exactly. You hit all the protests in New York for that one.

JW — Right. So I think those were my favorites.

JS — How about for the bad ones now?

JW — Gee, the bad ones, you know, I hated "Witness". I hated almost all the Steven Spielberg, I'm real tired of him, it's like it just comes out of a computer.

JS — Right, you said "The Color Purple" you were less than impressed with.

JW — Yeah, it was like watching a Hallmark greeting card for two and a half hours, you know, I expected E.T. to land and sit next door. People feel guilty about saying they hate that movie because of the subject matter.

JS — Right, it's the socially conscious type of bullshit.

JW — But as a friend of mine said, his heart turned to *stone* while watching it.

JS — Did you see "The Bride"?

JW — No, I didn't see that. I'm really not tolerant. . .I sometimes just don't go to 'em anymore.

JS — Right, I heard that one was just appallingly dull.

JW — Most of the worst ones I've seen on video for some reason. Because the only things I can find to rent are movies that I didn't see in the first place because they were so terrible. You know I just turn 'em on for a while, you can't *walk* out but you can *rewind, return*.

JS — From a technical standpoint, do you think that video technology, being so much cheaper, will eventually replace celluloid?

JW — No. Because people have to go out, people still have to go out. I think it will replace, certainly, porno movies. I think they look better on video, maybe. No, because people want to go out and they want to see a big screen and everything. I don't think it'll do that. The only thing it'll hurt or it does hurt repertory theaters I guess. And it also hurts, a lot of people, if you're debating whether to go see a movie now people *won't* because they'll say I'll wait for it on video tape.

JS — Yes, you do hear that refrain quite often. . . If a financier insisted that you create a role for Mariel Hemingway in a film of yours, what would it be and would you kill the character off quickly, maybe right after the credits?

JW — Well, I always thought the Kitty Genovese story should be Farrah Fawcett's since she gets such good reviews if she gets beat up. Mariel, I don't know, her in "The Mean Season", I used to like her, I liked her in her first movie, in "Manhattan" I liked her. But then in "The Mean Season", you know, all she did was *whine* all through it. You know, I think. . .

JS — If you could make a movie starring all the sons and daughters of American presidents like Ron Reagan, Trish Nixon and Amy Carter. . .

JW — Oh, Amy Carter's my favorite, you know that.

JS — She's your favorite of all that crew?

JW — Oh yes. Because she hung around with the Ramones, and she lived in a tree fort at the White House and I just think Amy's great. And I think she probably has turned out to be okay. I think I would like to use her in a film a lot. She's my dream date.

JS — Have you ever heard of Rosa von Praunheim, the underground filmmaker?

Polyester (Photograph © New Line Cinema)

JW — Oh yeah. I met him before. I like some of his movies. Divine's in one of 'em. Well, Divine didn't *know* he was gonna be in one of 'em but he ended up in one of 'em. It was some sort of documentary thing. I didn't see it. I've seen a lot of his movies but I've usually seen them in Germany and they don't have subtitles so it's really hard for me to tell what they're like.

JS — The trend in Hollywood seems to be toward these lumbering brain-dead behemoths like "Rocky" and "Rambo". Pretty soon it seems like that's all we're gonna have. Do you predict an eventual backlash against this sort of shit?

JW — Well, I don't know. I liked "Commando" and I liked "Terminator", so, I *loved* them, I hated "Rambo". "First Blood" I didn't mind too much when I saw it except for the end when he went into the speech, his moral speech.

JS — Anybody could've played his character, too.

JW — *NO!* Nobody could be as much of a *lug-head*. No one. No one can play it like he can.

JS — Somebody couldn't help putting a little more style into it, even if they didn't want to.

JW — He is my most unfavorite movie star, most definitely, but *has* been for a long time. It's nothing new. "Rambo", I mean it was, no matter what you think of the Vietnamese they weren't *that* stupid, you know. I mean he'd be there and five hundred people would shoot guns and they'd all miss. I saw it though. I did not see any of the "Rocky"s. I saw the first one and that still has me *reeling* ten years later. I'm not a masochist, I didn't go see the other ones.

JS — The stylized violence of movies like "Scarface" and "Rambo" seems to run counter to the ugly violence. . .

JW — Well, I like "Scarface" a lot, I laughed a lot in that one.

JS — The violence was almost choreographed and almost like exaggerated on purpose it seemed. It's a lot different than the ugly type of violence that used to predominate and was really more shocking someday someone's going to come along with a low budget movie and everybody's gonna be grossed out, another John Waters 15 years later.

JW — But once you could do it, it lost its punch, you know, its violence. I mean now once Hollywood did it it just sort of, I don't know, once you've seen gore, you've seen it. It's like porno, when you couldn't do it, it had some sort of punch to it.

JS — So it's like a time thing in that maybe it's time has passed and we're heading in a . . .

JW — I just finished a chapter in my book about that. I really think the *Golden Age of Trash* may be over.

JS — Well that would be something to mourn for sure, and I'm sure you're the one to mourn it.

JW — Yes.

JS — Is it possible to go back and make a smaller film once you've hit so-called big time, you know, could Lynch go back and make another "Eraserhead" after . . .

JW — Well he's going to go back and make something called "Blue Velvet", I think, which is a low budget film. I think after "Dune" he has no choice but to go a little backwards cuz I mean how much did that movie cost, I mean to make one that costs more would be careericide, as they say. But, sure, I think he can go back and make, not an "Eraserhead", not a film . . . I don't know, I mean I don't wanna go back and make a film that cost $25,000 a year, it's, in a way it's sort of stupid but you feel like you keep working and then, it's like going backwards to do that. Which may be stupid, maybe I should do that. I don't know. You get to the point where you don't wanna go through all the . . . making a movie is hard enough but doing it for *nothing* when you're forty doesn't have a lot of appeal.

JS — Did you ever have any problems with censorship as per your writing?

JW — No, not-yes, once . . . Well, I don't know if I should say this or not cuz I haven't seen the final product but "Esquire" asked me to review this Tom Waits record, and so I did. But they cut part of it because they felt that it was too much for "Esquire", they cut the opening line which was . . . I *think* , I don't know. I argued with them and then I never heard back and I got the check for the article so whatever happened, happened. Maybe they put it back in, I don't know. But the opening line was, "Tom

Multiple Maniacs (Photograph by Lawrence Irvine © New Line Cinema)

Waits sings as if he doesn't change his underpants daily." That seemed to be a bit much for "Esquire". *Why*, I don't know, I mean what did they expect if they hired *me* to review Tom Waits?! It seems like Tom Waits wouldn't mind. I don't know why they would.

JS — It seems like most of these magazines want the unvarnished Waters. Your Man of the Year nomination for the guy who removed Reagan's asshole. That's pretty hardcore.

JW — Well he *saw* it, he didn't remove it! No, I haven't had any, most of the magazines, no, they don't censor me at all about that, that's what they want. They don't expect, if they hire me, to write in praise of Whoopie Goldberg and her family. Although I liked Whoopie Goldberg, see I liked everybody in the movie, I just didn't like the direction.

JS — Which movie was that again?

JW — "Color Me Purple", as my mother calls it. A lot of people are saying that. I've heard, "Have you seen "Color Me Purple"? Not joking, I mean they think that's the title.

JS — You've interviewed people before yourself. Arthur Good . . .

JW — Yeah, that's one article that isn't gonna be in the book because the editor said, well, you know, the whole book is a comic essay book and this one, I mean he said, I like the article but it just totally throws the whole book off. And he's probably right. And I said I wanna do these other stories. And he said well then one day we'll do a book "Waters on Crime". I hope I get to do that one day.

JS — Have you interviewed anyone else?

JW — No, I mostly don't wanna do interviews per se, because you know . . .

JS — Except if it's somebody you really . . .

JW — Yeah, I mean I can't think of any, I really *what*? Not *hate*? Is that what you said? Cuz I *love* Pia Zadora.

JS — Any people you just really want to, are *obsessed* with.

JW — Yeah, I mean I have no interest, say, in going to interview *Madonna*.

JS — If you were the mayor of Baltimore what would be the first official act, maybe to abolish all sports from the city limits or something of that order?

JW — No, I guess people should be allowed to do what they want.

JS — Right, consenting adults . . .

JW — Yeah, I guess I would maybe open the beauty parlors for a day and have free hairdos for the needy.

JS — Maybe have free cab rides to and from the beauty parlors.

JW — Well, there are no cabs in this city anyway hardly. It's one of the worst cities for cabs. You have to call them and they come a week later *if* you don't live in a bad neighborhood.

JS — Or else go down and wait by the Greyhound Bus Station where I always catch 'em.

JW — Really. Are there cabs around there ? I'm surprised.

JS — Oh, there was. I caught one. You're a collector of artifacts and momentos. I think any archeologist would be interested in your collection which I understand includes soil samples from Gacy's lawn and the basement of the '65 Sylvia Likens' torture slaying.

JW — Well that was a recent thing. I got them, you know I'm sort of a, I don't *go out* and *get* these things, people mail them to me. You know. It certainly beats Readers Digest sweepstakes entries in the mail.

JS — It spices up the mail.

JW — Yeah. I'm a reluctant collector of it.

JS — Sometimes an unwilling collector.

JW — The worst was when someone gave me an oil painting by John Wayne Gacy which *even I* had trouble hanging. I finally did it, in a very obscure part of my apartment.

JS — But that's hanging in your kitchen, do you ever choke on your food?

JW — It's not in the kitchen! It's in a little side room off the kitchen.

JS — You never choke on your food?

JW — No, but I don't look at it a lot because it is pretty creepy. He wasn't a real charismantic killer.

Female Trouble (Photograph by Bruce Moore © New Line Cinema)

JS — Divine appeared at a club in Cambridge a few months ago, The Man Ray Club, and in a newspaper interview he said he wants to be a serious actor. Is he kidding, or what?

JW — I don't know, you'll have to ask him. He's always been a serious actor, I think. I don't know what he means by that.

JS — We all know he's capable but somehow I just can't see him as the new Dustin Hoffman.

JW — Well I can't see him in "Out of Africa" but *who knows*, I mean I think that he always has been a serious actor.

JS — What's more of a threat today; AIDS or organized religion?

JW — AIDS, certainly, because religion isn't going to kill you. It may try but you can kill that back. (laughs) You can't kill AIDS, so I would definitely say AIDS.

JS — Do you think, skipping across continents and time, do you think they should free Rudolf Hess, was he your favorite Nazi?

JW — Yes, I don't know that I have a favorite Nazi, Illsa, She-Wolf of the S.S., was my favorite Nazi.

JS — He was the craziest, though.

JW — It seems to me, yes, I have to be consistent in what I feel about all prisoners, no matter what the crime is. Yes. I think that he has served his sentence.

JS — Do you see any danger in the Meese Commission on Pornography?

JW — What is it? Oh, the one in Indiana?

JS — No, that's part of the feminist movement. Meese set up a commission, a lot of the First Amendment people are really going nuts about this, the head of the commission, it's to investigate to see if pornography is harmful, overturning the '73 ruling that it's not connected with violence and the guy he put in charge of it is the prosecutor from Arlington County who is famous for getting rid of all pornography in that county and declaring it a pornography-free county.

JW — He probably has a huge collection of it in his apartment. The way to get rid of pornography is to make everybody watch it for a week and then you get so bored with it you don't care about it anymore. The way to make it popular is to not let people have it and then that will make the Mafia happy. It'll cost more and so people will think it'll be better. The more pornography costs, the more people think it's sexy. If it was a nickel nobody'd care. I don't know, censors, I mean the whole thing is such a *tired* thing, it's like if you want something to vanish, don't talk about it. That's what censors should do. They should go around, and have censor boards that try to influence the media *not* to review something or to ignore something. That is how to end something.

JS — Right, and this is just bubbling up again.

The Diane Linkletter Story (Photograph by Dreamland Productions © New Line Cinema)

Mondo Trasho (Photograph by Dreamland Productions © New Line Cinema)

JW — I mean look at "Hail Mary". An obscure French art film turned into an event.

JS — Turned into, probably, a great financial success, too.

JW — Yeah! I mean it had a 30,000 opening week gross in Boston *because* of the Catholic pickets. No other Godard film opened up strong. And this is not even an 'easy' Godard film, you know what I mean, it's ever *artier* than usual.

JS — Are athletes good role models for young people?

JW — *Hardly*, I mean . . . I don't really know because I don't know any young people or athletes.

JS — You don't have any love for the Yuppie phenomenon?

JW — Oh god knows I like to eat in good restaurants too, you know. I don't hate them, they're a part of my audience in a way. No, I don't hate them, it's so fashionable to hate them. Better than Hippies. I'd rather live around Yuppies than um, what do you call them, those things in "Witness" . . .

JS — Oh, Amish people.

JW — Yes!

JS — You're gonna stay far away from those people after seeing that movie, you might get *bored* to death.

JW — Give me a Yuppie over Amish people any day.

JS — If you had a choice, would you go to jail or to the suburbs. . . if you only had two choices.

JW — For how long? I don't want to go to jail, certainly, and I also don't want to go to the suburbs.

JS — You'd rather just stay where yor are.

JW — There's more mental death in suburbia. I don't want either really. I think jail probably sounds a little better than it really is. I teach there so I know. I like going there once a week but if you had to go every day it would be rather depressing. Living in suburbia would be rather depressing but I guess suburbia would be better 'cause you can always leave suburbia, you can't leave jail. I left suburbia once already in my life, I'll do it again. Or it would be very easy to get suburbia to kick you out but you can't be so bad in jail that they let you out.

JS — I think jail is almost a better creative writing type of thing than colleges are but I don't think anybody would choose to go to jail to learn how to be a creative writer.

JW — Well no, but also they say write what you know. You can only go so far with jail stories, you know.

JS — Right, it is definitely a very narrow experience type of thing, just about anything that comes out of jail would be pretty brutal I think.

JW — Oh, not really. You should see some of the, I have some of the stuff that they write in my class. They're so sick of jail that they don't want to write about it because they're just so tired of it.

JS — That's true. Have you been to any of these recent second-wave "MOVE" trials? I know you followed them in '78.

JW — Ramona Africa's is January 6. That's really the only one. She's the only one left. I mean Alberni is now somebody else, he's been adopted by his real father. And Tree-Tree is dead.

JS — And those were the pillars of the movement.

JW — Yeah, so I think Ramona's trial ought to be interesting. I tried to get a magazine to send me to it but they all felt "MOVE was *old* news, where I think it can *never* be old.

JS — No, certainly not. I can understand the police a little bit. A lot of people don't like their neighbors and would like to see their houses burned down.

JW — Well, "MOVE" *was*, I mean they did have bull horns on top of the house, twenty-four hours a day, screaming obscenities. (laughs)

JS — And garbage and they used to hassle people I guess.

JW — They were the filthiest people alive for real. They would win if we made a sequel to "Pink Flamingos" and come back and challenge. . . *they* would win.

JS — It's been said that the family unit is destroying the fabric of this great country. What do you think about that?

JW — Oh no. Because the family unit is always responsible for so many neuroses that it keeps the country going. I think that when people use the term family as a defense against anything that they are dangerous certainly. I like *my* family. I don't have anything against families. I just think when it's used defensively as a word for morals and people . . .

JW — The whole value structure that comes from it . . .

JW — *That* I don't believe in, certainly.

JS — But the family itself you are a believer in, you probably see your parents at Christmas.

JW — I think the most fascinating thing is to meet somebody you know's parents because it tells so much about the person that you think you know when you meet their parents.

JS — Do you have any advice for the disillusioned youth of America, in closing?

JW — Are they so disillusioned? I guess they are. I guess the people that buy this magazine will be. (laughs) You ought to become a caricature of yourself and give in to all your obsessions and whatever you wanna do if you can manage to not give up and do it for ten years eventually you'll be successful 'cause then people can't get rid of you and they accept you for what you are.

JS — You haven't been to Boston for a couple of years.

JW — No, I haven't been for a while. Who knows? I like to come up there, I always have fun there. (laughs)

JS — You know there's a massive following up here.

JW — It's been a very good city for me always.

JS — Right, the films have done well here. You've been protested here and everything.

JW — That was years ago. I don't think I'd get too many protestors these days because I'm not about Jesus. That's the only thing that can really get people hopping now. (laughs)

JS — Is to hit the Catholics. (laughter)

— END —

Pink Flamingos (Photograph by Lawrence New Line Cinema)

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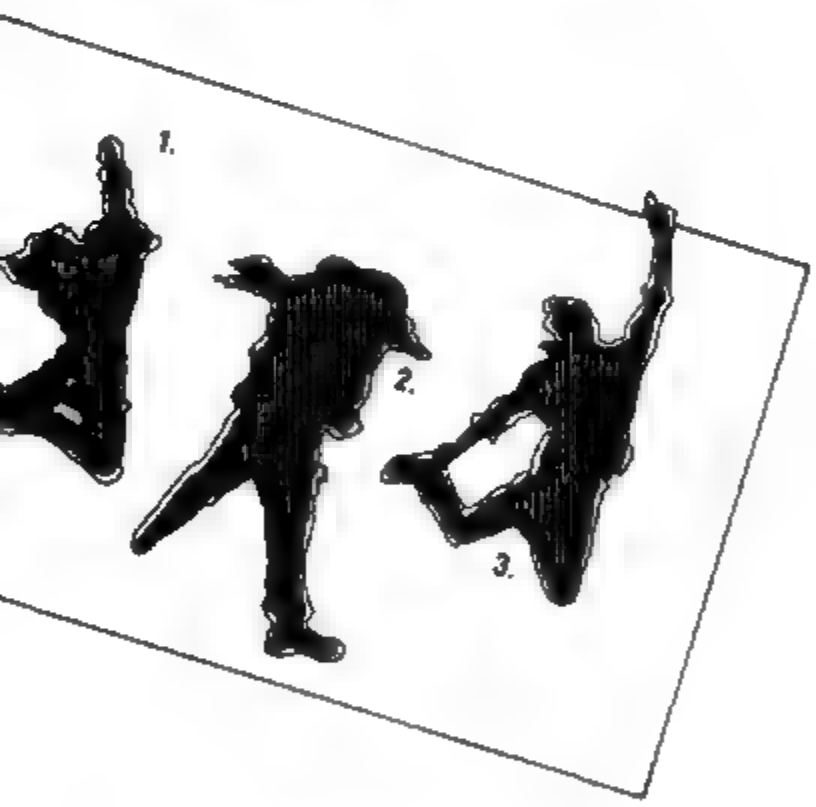

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(send $4 to Jerry LeBlanc 3, Box 0614, Newark, DELAWARE, 19715)
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FINGERED: ***Richard Kern*** Deathtrip Films P.O. Box 1322, New York, N. Y. 1009

In his latest attack on the world of limp-wristed, constipated, dumb-butt poseur aesthetics, director Richard Kern serves up an X-rated dish of conflict and carnality—then heaves the plate on the wall. Kern is the most visible of a current crop of lowest East Side Manhattan filmmakers inspired by Nick Zedd's 1979 mastersleaze, *They Eat Scum* whose particular iconoclasm demands a stark, strict realism—real violence, real sex and real emotional chaos. *Fingered's* 24 black-and-white minutes are a graphic, blood-splattered, erotic travelogue of human instincts on the rampage. With its verbal brutality, stabbings, beatings and hearty sense of black humor, this Super-8 assault is not for the unjaded.

Sleazy punkster Lydia Lunch stars as an abrasive phone-sex girl who's swept along by her passions and those of jail character Martin Nation. After intense and prolonged hard-core copulation, the two embark on a spree of senseless murder, with knife-wielding Nation driving from atrocity to atrocity while Lunch stridently assails his manhood and demands to be let out of the car. Despite Nation's assurances that everything is under control, it's obvious that events have slid into the realm of disaster. The Lunch and Nation characters are exemplary role models for any youths who want to grow up to become institutionalized. Also excellent is Lung Leg's portrayal of a teenage girl in distress who the kill-crazy couple attempt to defile in a climax of unsimulated barbarity. Kern then has the good sense to end his movie before it bogs down in self-analysis.

Anyone who likes their sex and violence straight-up with a chaser of dementia should check out *Fingered*, then look into Kern's earlier filmic hit-and-run maneuvers (all available on video from the address above). X —*Allan MacDonell*

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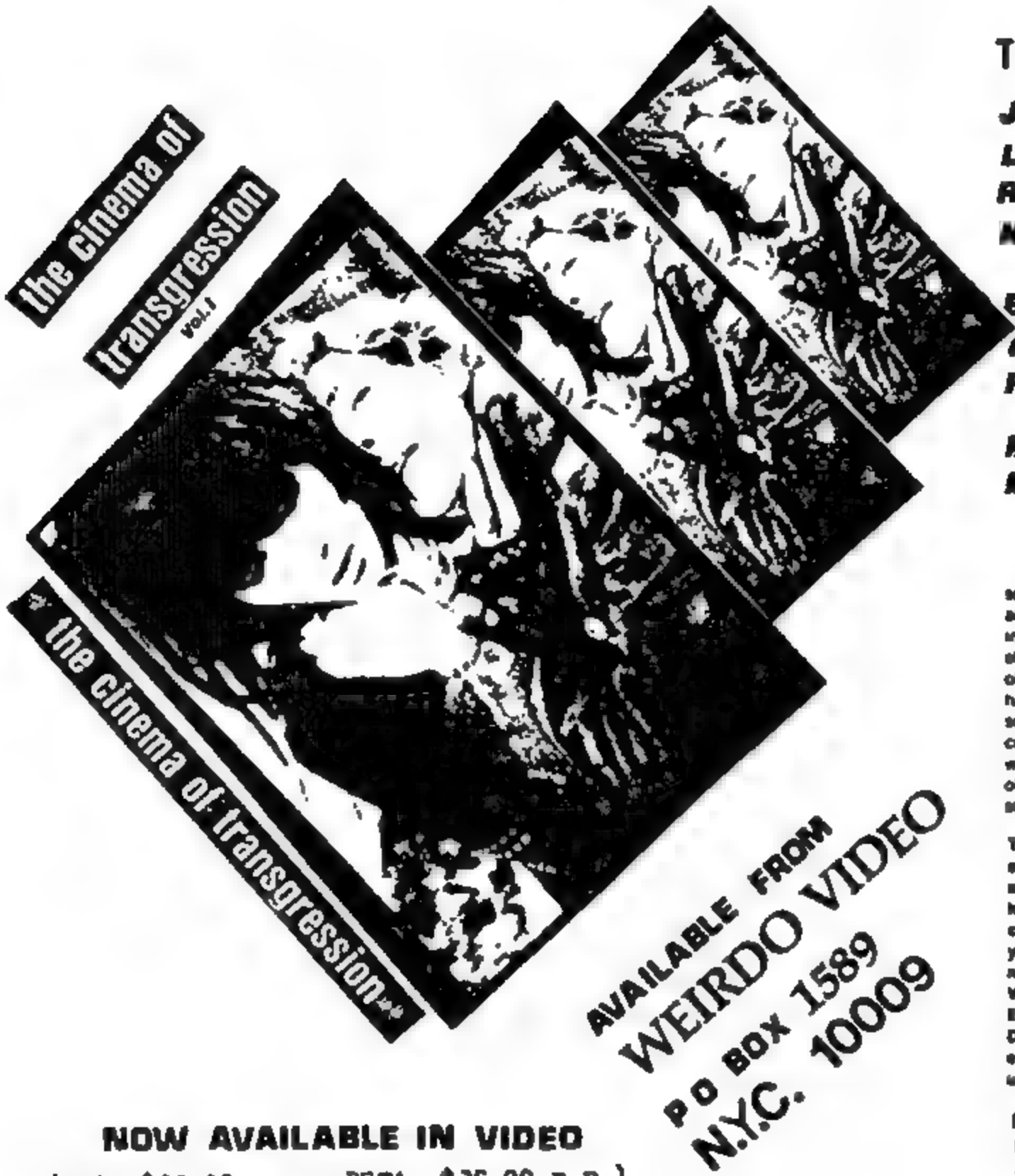

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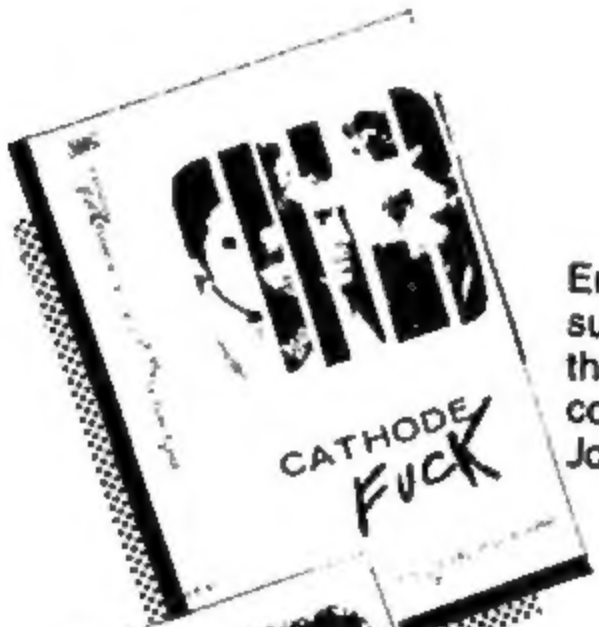

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